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MEMORIALS

OF

REV. PETER LOCKWOOD

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Rev. William A. Bartlett D.
with kind regards of
Mrs P. Lockwood
and family.

Binghamton
March 1884

P. Lockwood

MEMORIALS

OF

REV. PETER LOCKWOOD,

OF BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

"I SHALL BE SATISFIED WHEN I AWAKE IN THY LIKENESS."

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These simple memorials have been compiled, not for the general public, but that some record might be made of a life consecrated from youth to the service of God. They are written to bring to the remembrance of Mr. Lockwood's early friends, the story of his abundant labors in the Master's cause, and that a new generation, who knew him only as the "retired minister," should recognize the motives and principles which controlled him from his boyhood, and continued with him to the day of his death.

That some of these may be stimulated to new courage and zeal by his example is the earnest desire of

HIS CHILDREN.

TO

THE DEAR MOTHER,

WHO FOR SIXTY YEARS WALKED HAND IN HAND WITH THE CHOSEN PARTNER OF HER YOUTH, AND WHO NOW WAITS CALMLY AND PEACEFULLY FOR THE REUNION ON THE OTHER SIDE, THESE FRAGMENTS ARE TENDERLY AND REVERENTLY DEDICATED BY

HER CHILDREN.

MEMORIAL.

EARLY LIFE.

PETER, son of Lambert and Elizabeth LOCKWOOD, was born in Bridgeport, Conn., Feb. 8, 1798, and was the third of a family of five children, only one of whom survives him, a sister, Mrs. Peet, widow of Frederick T. Peet, now living in Brooklyn, Long Island. His brother, Roe Lockwood, was long and favorably known in New York City, in connection with the business of book-selling, importing, and publishing. He came of a pious ancestry, his father and mother being descended from a line of staunch Puritans, who stoutly resisted the encroachments of the Romanists of England, in the days of the unhappy Charles I. He has often been heard to relate the story told him by his mother, of the escape from Ireland in 1641, of one of her ancestors by the name of John Roe. He and his brother, in endeavoring to reach the sea-shore as they fled from the persecution which threatened them, took refuge in the house of a wealthy lady whom they knew, and while receiving refreshment, were alarmed by the arrival of officers in search of them. The good housewife hastily hid them in a closet filled with soiled clothes. The officers demanded the keys, and she at once gave her bunch to them, having previously removed the key of the closet where the men were hidden. They searched the house, and failing to find the refugees, asked if she had delivered all her keys to them. She replied, "There is the key of the closet where I keep

my dirty clothes, if you want to look in there," at which they were so disconcerted that they took their departure. The pursued men came out from their retreat, and hastening to a vessel moored near by, made their escape to America. Some of their descendants are now living on the farm purchased by them on Long Island. His maternal grandfather was Rev. Azel Roe, of Woodbridge, New Jersey, who suffered for his firm adherence to the cause of liberty during the Revolutionary War.

Peter Lockwood's youth was passed in his native place, then a small village, and according to his father's principle, that all his sons should learn some trade, and be able to support themselves by it, if necessary, he was instructed in printing and book-binding. The following incident is given to show the character of his father, and the strict habits to which the boy was trained. In those good old Connecticut days, the Sabbath began at sundown of Saturday, and the singing-school of the village was held Sunday evening. On one occasion, as the singers were in the full enjoyment of "The Judgment Anthem," with its fugues and variations, his father passed by the room where they were rehearsing, and stopped to listen. In the midst of the solemn words, he heard, as he thought, the sounds of unseemly mirth, or at least a want of reverence, in the constant repetition, for practice, of such terrible words as these,

"Ye dead, awake! See the purple banner flying,
Hear the judgment chariot ro—o—ll."

"'Midst ten thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand
saints and angels,
See the crucifi—ed shine."

"Oh yes, 'tis Jesus! Hallelujah!
Come to judgment! Come to judgment!

Come to judgment! Stand before the son of man!
Down to hell, there's no redemption,
Every Christless soul must go."

He stepped to the window and startled the singers by calling out, "Rebecca, Frederick, Peter, Roe, Elizabeth, come home"; which they did without any delay. With a home influence which thus instilled reverence for holy things, accustomed from his infancy to gather with the family at morning and evening worship, and faithfully and persistently instructed in the Westminster Catechism, it is not surprising that religious convictions were early aroused, and his conscience made tender and responsive to religious truth.

COLLEGE LIFE.

In 1813, at the age of fifteen, he entered Yale College as a Freshman, and during his entire college course, he was never marked for being late, or for an imperfect recitation, nor for absence, except on account of sickness.

His associations there were among the most tenderly cherished, and most vividly remembered, of any in his life. Dr. Lyman Coleman, for many years Professor in Lafayette College, was one of his classmates, with whom a pleasant, friendly intercourse was always kept up. As they both gradually laid aside the active duties of life, their friendship became more intimate, and they exchanged frequent letters of reminiscence and sympathy. Dr. Coleman entered into rest only a few months before his friend and classmate, and out of a class of sixty-one members, only four are now living.

It was during his second year (1814), and while a deep

solemnity was pervading the college in consequence of the prevalence of a fever, which in many instances proved fatal, that his journal indicates an increased seriousness, and expressions of a desire to be a Christian are on every page. A faint hope trembled in his heart, but he seemed to long for greater assurance and joy. His self-examination was uncompromising, and his sense of Satan, as a personal enemy, was very vivid.

On Sunday, November 13th, he says:

"Sometime since I thought myself free from pride, but now I perceive that I have either deceived myself, or have grown proud. In the chapel, where I stand to sing the solemn praises of God, I am thinking that some one is looking at me, and (although the confession seems like the loss of an eye) is admiring me. 'Oh! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' I was about to write that stupidity has been my prevailing sin to-day—but carnal mindedness, pride, hypocrisy, rose to my view, with a host of other sins that quite discouraged me."

Again on the 20th.—"This morning I experienced a sweet moment which reminded me of the verse—

'This heavenly calm within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest.'

It was when reading in the Evangelist Luke, the Saviour appeared lovely—and I broke out in secret prayer—

'When shall I wake and find me there'—

where Christ is. 'Oh! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' It seemed as if I wanted 'to depart and be where Christ is.'

"During several days past my mind has been absent in prayer, and taken up with the things of time and sense,

or in other words, the Holy Spirit has not been present to my mind. Reviewing the circumstances of this week, I find that levity has had the predominance. Ambition ! Ambition ! Painful is it to relate that when I do not appear to advantage in the recitation-room, it causes more poignant and gnawing sensations than when I offend my God. When I reflect on these things, conscience in substance exclaims :

> "He hath no faith of God within,
> No fear before his eyes."

His value of time appears in the following entry :

"This morning received a present from home, viz. : a watch ; which will it produce, expense or profit ? It must be wound up once a day, taking at least two minutes each, and in a year it will amount to twelve hours, besides expense, tax, etc., but yet it is a present and received thankfully."

December 13, 1814.—Under this date appears the following statement of the time not spent in reading or studying :

	H.	M.		H.	M.		H.	M.
From	6	00	to	7	20	recitation and prayers...	1	20
"	8	00	"	8	40	breakfast and exercise...		40
"	11	00	"	11	45	recitation at noon.....		45
"	1	00	"	1	35	dinner and exercise.....		35
"	4	00	"	5	25	recitation, exercise and prayers.....	1	25
"	5	35	"	6	05	supper and exercise.....		30
"	11	00	"	6	00	sleep.....	7	00
							12	15

"This computation is reckoned when I am not disturbed, and therefore the strictest that can be made. On

an average, thirteen hours would not be far from the amount."

"*January* 1, 1815.

"Thanks be to God, this past year was not the one in which He was pleased to say: 'Cut it down.' But 'dig about and dung it.' But who knows that the coming year may not be the one in which He will say: 'Why shall I punish him any more, he will rebel more and more,' or 'he is given to his idols, let him alone.' Or, 'Lo! these three years have I come seeking fruit on this fig-tree and find none. Cut it down,' and there be none to intercede,—no Saviour, for I have, instead of 'crucifying my lusts,' often 'crucified my glorious Redeemer afiesh and put Him to an open shame.' In spiritual things, 'the spirit truly is willing but the flesh is weak.'"

"The year called 1814 is past and who can recall it? 'Let us, forgetting the things which are behind,' (excepting the humble repentance for our past sins), 'press forward toward the prize,' beginning at the commencement of the year. And how shall this be accomplished? Only by prayer to God, and faith in His Son."

"This is sacrament day. It was accordingly administered and I as usual attended.* But, oh, could I feel more my infinite need of a Saviour—be more thankful for the inestimable gift—worship my offended God and Saviour better than ever heretofore; be more weaned from the world and its vanities; copy the example of the blessed Lord while on earth, and so receive the heavenly crown in heaven. But prayer and faith must be practiced and exercised, and oh, may I be richly endowed with the spirit of both by Him who giveth all things richly to enjoy; by Him through whom faith cometh."

"Should it be asked me whether my sorrow for sin

* He was not a communicant at this time.

arises from fear of hell, or love to God ; I thank God, that if I know in the smallest degree my own heart, I can answer—from love to God and fear of offending Him.

"This afternoon, Mr. Taylor exchanged with Dr. Dwight. His sermon was excellent, and I wish Mr. Taylor could preach in the chapel every Sabbath, or rather, that I could hear him."

"My spirits are at present very changing ; at one time all is joy, and I feel as though I would fly ; at another all appears gloom and dejection ; the moments of this latter description are few compared with the other. I believe, when experiencing the former feeling, that I have frightened Starr (his room-mate), who thought I indeed was, what I often have told him I did not know but I should be, insane—I would sing, talk at random, sit in a musing posture, etc., so that seasons have passed when I have been terrified at my situation."

After a vacation he writes :

"*February 1st.* Once more have I returned to my room in Yale College after an absence of three weeks, spent, as I trust, not altogether unprofitably, although not so pleasant as imagination had pictured to my view at New Haven. And now another three months' race of ambition—another term of warfare internal, lies heavy upon my heart. But blessed be God ! I know my disease, and also the effectual remedy. This depression of spirits, this load upon my breast the first day of every term, arises from the fear that I shall not keep up my standing in my class. The remedy is, total reliance on Providence, that Supreme of all comforters ; upon this let me ever trust, and then I shall be sure ever to be comforted."

"*February 18th.* Yesterday I subscribed myself a member of the Yale College Benevolent Society, formed for the relief of indigent students. . . . . A new week has

now commenced its course through this wicked world. Let us thank God that our day of probation is still lengthened out, and pray that we may spend the remainder of it better than we have the past. And now, with this evening, O my God ! may I begin a new course of life—life as becometh a Christian. Thou, oh Lord ! knowest all hearts ; thou knowest whether this is the real desire, and as far as the grace of God will permit, the intention of my heart.

" This week I have been rather unsuccessful in my studies. Now, is not all this appeal to God, merely for the purpose of forwarding my studies, and with the belief that if I worship God more faithfully, He will as a compensation grant me success in this world ? And is not this belief the only reason why I wish to be more strict in my conduct ? I fear this is, in some respects, true, but I really hope the contrary, and pray that God will accept of the sincerity of my heart, however small, and pardon all obduracy."

" *Sunday.* This day I have enjoyed myself much better than on last Sabbath, or in other words, my thoughts have been more upon the business of the day, and more free from the world, but to the mercy of God alone is due all the praise and glory. The combat will commence again this evening. But through the much mercy and grace of God, this day has in some good measure, I trust, been spent in collecting weapons of defence against the adversary of souls. Oh that they might be applied in a discretionary manner, and be aimed at the very vital of Satan."

Up to this time the struggle seemed to be between a desire to be a true Christian on the one hand, and an ambition to stand foremost in his class and enjoy worldly honors, on the other. His mind was not at rest, and he sought frequent opportunities for conversation

with a pious classmate by the name of Ingersoll, who was led to become a Christian in a remarkable manner. He had been a sailor, and was, according to his own account, thoughtless and profane. During a severe thunder-storm while at sea, the vessel was in great danger, and a companion was struck dead at his side. This so impressed him that he then and there resolved he would henceforth serve the Lord, and if God should spare his life to return home, would devote himself to the Christian ministry. The strong, earnest spirituality of this man made a deep and lasting impression on Peter Lockwood, and in after life he often referred to it as a power in moulding his Christian character. On Thursday, February 23d, 1815, he sought the room of this classmate and describes the interview in these words:

"Ingersoll began the conversation with telling me he had for some time wished to see me, and inquire into the state of my immortal soul, and asked me whether I found my path any clearer, and whether I had resolved to separate myself from the world, and become in the eyes of men the offscouring of the earth. I told him I had so resolved, and that for a considerable time past I thought my affections were more weaned from this world; that I had been ashamed and amazed at myself to think how I have heretofore toiled and studied, almost wholly with the view of getting appointments, and obtaining the honors of the college. As if anticipating the question I was about to ask him, Ingersoll quickly replied, snapping his thumb and finger, 'These things do not affect me in the least, not in value the snap of the finger!'"

The young inquirer left the room with a heavy heart, but the Saturday following, as he was attempting to

study, the importance of settling the question impressed his mind, and he could only think of that. Laying down his books, he gave himself up to reflection and self-examination, until he felt that the closet was the only place in which to find consolation.

"There I went and conversed with my God and Saviour for half an hour, not I trust without the presence of the Spirit of God, for when I came out, I think I have great reason to hope that I came out not as I went in. A new spirit appeared to be within me. Ambition, like Christian's burden, fell from my shoulders, and I trust and pray that it has fallen where his did, viz., at the foot of the cross. My mind seemed unburdened and happy. Calmness and complacency reigned within. Never did I feel before as I do at present. I seem to be dead and alive, a lost and found sinner; dead as to the world, but alive to Christ; lost as to the studies and pursuits of this world, but found by the grace of God, and delivered from the dominion of sin in this world. If I am ever saved, it will be out of the mere mercy of God, who was pleased to select *me* (and that not for my own merits), and to leave others. And now my prayer to God is, that I may never grow cold and formal in the duties of the Gospel, and that the light of His countenance may forever be a lamp to my feet and a guide to my path, and that He never will take His Holy Spirit from me."

The next morning, Sunday, he writes:

"This morning, I have reason to hope, shone upon me such as none ever did before. After prayers in the chapel, I returned to my room and entered into my closet, and there poured out my soul in thanksgiving and praise to that God who had raised me from the miry clay to the firm rock of salvation."

"*Thursday.* Ingersoll advised me to observe this day as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer. Certainly I have much cause for humiliation; but have I not more for thanksgiving? Which of the two would appear most proper in the view of Christians, I know not; but my own heart feels inclined to prayer and praise for my great deliverance."

From this time, though occasionally despondent, he seems to have been filled with a desire for the glory of God, and the conversion of those about him. At his suggestion, an early prayer-meeting was held by the pious students, to pray for the college and students, and the religious interest was greatly deepened. A letter which he wrote home shows the state of his own mind:

"THURSDAY, *March 9th.*

"DEAR AND BELOVED PARENTS: By the foregoing part of my diary, which I have sent you, you will perceive the dealings of the Lord with your son, and, as I trust, humble servant of God.

"Both of you, doubtless, have perceived that, from my infancy, my mind has been more conversant in the things pertaining to religion and my soul, than the generality of boys. You may not perhaps have forgotten how that a chair was wont to serve for my pulpit, and '*Aint you afraid of the Lord or the devil?*' was my form of service. My mother may possibly recollect the questions which I, when a little boy, used to ask her upon eternal things, and that in reading Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' I inquired, 'Mamma, when shall me go on a pilgrimage?' These things, and many which may follow, may appear to an uninterested mind visionary and foolish, but to me the consideration of them is pleasing.

"In the spring of 1813, at the request of grandfather, I commenced a journal. About that time, I find by my

journal, that that passage in the New Testament, viz., 'Where much is given, much will be required,' gave me much anxiety, and every Sabbath this would be the theme of my writing. The neglect and abuse of 'Sabbath and sanctuary privileges' appeared to me to call aloud for vengeance, and all company was unacceptable. Still, the world, and the honors of the college, engrossed my whole attention. This frame of mind continued until the latter part of the first term in college, when that passage in Scripture, 'Thou God seest me,' was incessantly ringing in my ears.

"After my return to the spring term (Freshman year), I introduced the practice of social prayer in my room, and have continued the practice, with few exceptions, until the present time. During all this time my roommates have refused taking their turns in this service, and of course the duty fell upon me.

* * * * * * * * * *

"The first Sophomore term I had concluded to join the church in this seminary, but Providence, for wise reasons, forbade it. The last vacation was spent, as you well know, in reading miscellaneous books, while my attention was considerably taken off from religion, that one thing needful, and accordingly when I returned, my head was ill fitted for study, and I struggled hard to keep up with my class. The race of ambition appeared difficult, and in this hour of trouble I cried unto the Lord, and I ought not to doubt but that He heard and answered me. My prayer to God was that He would take from this ambitious heart a striving for the honors of this world, and that He would take me to Himself; that I might see the vanity of all sublunary enjoyments, and that my affections might be set above, where Christ dwells, at the right hand of God; that all self-righteousness might be laid aside as filthy rags, and that I come to the throne of grace, clothed with the 'all-spotless robe of Christ's righteousness.'

Thus was I brought to see my need of a Saviour before I entertained a hope.

"Now, my dear parents, I pray that you will lay aside all expectations of seeing me appear in public at Commencement or at any other time while in college, and in fine, if God is pleased to spare my life, think not that I shall be a shining character in the world. I hope to be useful, to devote my time and talents to the glory of God if He will accept of so unworthy a servant. There is at present some prospect of a revival of religion in college, and it is my special request that it be remembered in all the prayers, whether of the family or the closet, and particularly in the prayers of the church on the Sabbath. Pray, too, for a revival of religion in Bridgeport. It is, indeed, in an awful state. And above all things, in your advances to the throne of grace, do not forget *me*, for I will not forget you."

From his diary of this period the following extract is made:

"*Monday, March 13th.* Should it be asked what were my views as to the profession which I shall study, and the remainder of that life which God shall be pleased to grant, I answer that at present I feel that if the Lord would accept of me as a missionary, to preach Christ and Him crucified to the heathen who are perishing for lack of vision, I should rejoice, but if this please not the Lord, I pray that He would set me as a watchman on an obscure part of the wall of His Jerusalem, that I may have many souls given me as seals of my ministry, and crowns of my rejoicing, in the day of the Lord, and that I may desire all these things only for the advancement of God's kingdom and glory in the world."

After conversing with one who refused to listen to him, he writes:

"Oh, that the Lord would make me an instrument in His hand of saving one soul!"

On April 2, 1815, he, with many others, publicly professed Christ in the College chapel, and the anniversary of this occasion was never forgotten by him, but remembered tenderly and prayerfully. In later years he often alluded to it both in public and in private.

EARLY CHRISTIAN LABORS.

From that time he took up the work of his life, that of saving souls, enthusiastically and lovingly, with a rare wisdom, born of the Spirit. As the vacation drew near he wrote home to his mother, asking that during his stay at home he might be permitted to hold meetings in his native village and neighborhood. If not, he would prefer to remain in New Haven and continue to work there. This request was readily granted, and he came, full of youthful energy and zeal, to arouse the slumbering consciences in that staid New England village. It must be borne in mind that he was only *sixteen years of age* at this time. The pastor of the church, Rev. Mr. Waterman, entered heartily into his plans, and a powerful revival, resulting in the conversion of one hundred individuals, followed. The influence of this labor spread far and wide, and eternity alone can tell its extent. One subject of this revival was Rev. Nathaniel Bouton, who was at that time apprenticed to a printer in Bridgeport. He was deeply impressed by the words of the youthful preacher, whom he thus describes: "He was very zealous, a ready speaker, and his earnest exhortations and prayers produced a deep impression on me."

It was after a solemn meeting of inquiry held at the pastor's house, that Mr. Bouton determined to conse-

crate himself to the service of God. The religious emotions and aspirations created by the new life led him to long for a college education, that he might enter the ministry. Through the personal efforts of Peter Lockwood and his father, the time of the young man was bought from his employer to whom he was bound, and with the assistance of other friends, and his own persistent efforts, he succeeded in gaining the preparation he so much desired. During his vacations he followed the example of Peter Lockwood, holding meetings and aiding ministers in the neighboring towns. Upon his leaving the Theological Seminary, he accepted a call to the first church of Concord, New Hampshire, and continued the faithful and beloved pastor of that church for forty-two years. His influence was widely spread and his labors abundantly blessed, and it may be mentioned as an interesting coincidence, that the Rev. J. P. Gulliver, for six years pastor of the church in Binghamton, with which Mr. Lockwood was so long and so closely connected, and now Professor in Andover Theological Seminary, ascribes his conversion to a sermon of Dr. Bouton's from the text, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." This sermon was known by Dr. Bouton to have been the direct means of the conversion of no less than eighty-three persons.

Another man whose character was permanently stamped for good by the labors and character of Peter Lockwood, was Captain John Brooks, of Bridgeport. He was a profane, rough, sea captain, and a scoffer at religion. He was induced to attend the meetings, and his attention was arrested by the words of the speaker, who described the condition of the unconverted sinner, as "standing with a drawn sword over his head, held by a single hair." The figure was drawn so graphically, and

with so much solemnity, that the scoffer was startled, but tried to laugh off the impression as absurd. But as he himself said, "Those words were 'the fire and hammer' to break my stony heart." He could not escape from the conviction that the speaker was addressing him personally. He walked the streets in distress of mind, and at last found peace in submitting to Christ. From that time he was a different man. The church which he joined felt the change, in his generous benevolence and hearty support, and as his wealth increased his contributions increased many fold. He was firm and staunch in his adherence to the evangelical doctrines of the Gospel, and in the latter part of his life he aided largely in building a church in a new part of the town of Bridgeport. Upon this building being destroyed by fire, he rebuilt it at his own expense. To the close of his life he acknowledged his indebtedness to Mr. Lockwood, as the means in God's hand of his conversion. He died at a good old age, rejoicing in the mercies and the forgiveness of that God whom he once blasphemed.

It was during one of his vacations that Peter Lockwood first visited Stamford, Connecticut, and there made the acquaintance of Matilda Davenport, daughter of Hon. John Davenport, and granddaughter of Hon. Abraham Davenport, whom Whittier has immortalized, in connection with the famous "dark day."* This acquaintance ripened into the affection which resulted in their marriage in 1822. His preaching, or rather his exhortations, are described as something phenomenal for those days. The people of Stamford, accustomed to the dry, lengthy statements of "old Parson Smith," who read his sermon of an hour long without a gesture, or

* The account as related in the poem is a historical fact.

once looking up from his manuscript, were electrified by the spirited, stirring appeals of this boy, as he seemed to them, and the result was a powerful revival, reaching all through the neighborhood. Darien, Norwalk, and Greenwich, felt the influence of the new way of presenting truth, and many strong, earnest Christians, who afterward became standard-bearers in all those churches, first felt the stirrings of Christian zeal in those meetings. A few years before his death, a stranger called upon him, introducing himself by name, and added, "Mr. Lockwood, you do not know me, but I have known and remembered you, ever since I was a boy. When I was a lad of ten years, I attended one of your revival meetings, in a school-house at Darien. Your words so impressed me, that I then resolved to become a Christian, and from that time have sought to serve the Lord. I have been preaching the Gospel many years, and the great wish of my heart has been to see you once more before I die. I have come North from Florida, where I now live, partly with this object in view, to search you out, and thank you for your earnest words, which led me so long ago to consecrate myself to the service of God."

SEMINARY LIFE.

In 1817, he graduated from Yale College, and at once entered the Theological Seminary at Andover. There, under Professors Stewart, Woods, and Porter, he was thoroughly indoctrinated in Calvinism, and to his last days, remembered and referred with pleasure to the instructions there received.

The following are some of the rules found in a notebook dated 1818, bearing this heading: "This manuscript to be read every Sabbath morning." They are mostly extracts from the lives of eminent men:

"When abroad, always rise early. So far from interrupting family order by my tardiness, rise some time before the family, and write, read, pray, or meditate."

"Never write a letter without '*aliquid Christi*' (some thing of Christ) in it."

"There is no living life over again."

"It is said to have been characteristic of Whitefield, never to consider all as done while anything remained undone. His field was the world."

"Plough in your closet, if you would reap in your pulpit."

"Encourage female Christian action, particularly in the way of distributing tracts."

"There is a fault in this age of action. CHRIST is not enough thought of nor depended on. Means are taking the place of Christ. The Moravians preach *Christ*, and they follow St. Paul, and with St. Paul are blessed in their labors. *Christ*, the centre and circumference of my religion, ought to be."

"A warm, blundering man does more for the world than a frigid wise man."

"Every man should aim to do one thing well."

"Every day learn at least one chapter of the Bible *verbatim*, from the English version in common use."

"To have a few select friends, the good-will of a large acquaintance, and benevolence to all, even to strangers and enemies, for the Lord's sake, is as much as can be expected here."

"We must not preach like ministers of the last century. The world is awake, and surely ministers must be awake too."

"Never fail to examine myself at every season of private devotion."

"A good way to know myself is, to think how another person would appear to me if he possessed my feelings and disposition."

"When a stranger comes into a house, the child who is afraid of him does not undertake to fight him, but at once runs to the arms of his father. So the Christian, instead of quarreling with temptation, ought to fly from it, and never to feel himself safe until he has committed himself to God."

"A certain Christian lady in a neighboring town told her minister, that whenever she had sinned, she always found it necessary and pleasant to repent and come to Christ over again."

"Baxter recommends twilight as a good time for self-examination."

"More of Christ! More of Christ! Make Christ my example. In everything ask myself, would my Saviour do so if He were now on the earth."

"Resolved, that I will do whatsoever I think to be most to God's glory and my own good, profit, and pleasure in the whole of my duration, without any consideration of the time, whether now or never so many myriads of ages hence. Resolved, to do whatever I think to be my duty, and most for the good of mankind in general. Resolved, to do this, whatever difficulties I meet with, how many and how great soever."

"Resolved, that I will think more of heaven, and that the thought of its nearness may rejoice my heart and render me more engaged in the performance of every active duty, and more submissive under every trial."

"Having once convinced ourselves of the *truth* of Christianity, it is childish to discuss its *falsity;* having once satisfied ourselves as to the *positive*, it is downright absurdity to try the plausibility of the *negative*."

"Every church ought to constitute itself into a missionary society, and ought to have a missionary library, and educate a young man for the missionary work."

"Our feelings are no rule of action. A weak man lives by his feelings, so does the wicked man. It is the

mark of a strong mind and of a good heart to live by the dictates of a pure conscience, or by principles founded on truth."

"I believe the Bible to be the Word of God, and the system of doctrines which I have been taught to believe as the contents of the Bible, until sound argument convince me to the contrary. I make this resolution to keep off scepticism."

"Let ministers dwell upon the plain things of the Gospel, and preach indisputable doctrines practically, and moral duties evangelically."

While in Andover he was in the habit of walking two miles every morning before breakfast, generally leaving his room about five o'clock.* All his life, to his last hours, he was ready and happy to acknowledge God's overruling providence, and to recognize His merciful interposition in every escape from danger. Saturday, December 6th, 1817, the following entry is made in his journal:

"This morning in my walk to the spring, I came very

* One morning, with the mercury some degrees below zero, as he returned from his accustomed walk or run in the biting, frosty air, and entered the chapel a little late for prayers, he startled every one by his appearance. The violent exercise had thrown him into a perspiration which had penetrated his clothing and frozen around his neck and shoulders. His ears were perfectly white, being frozen stiff, and his face a dark crimson. As he entered the room his spectacles became covered with mist, in consequence of the sudden change of air, and he could hardly see to walk to his seat. He staggered to it, however, unconscious of the appearance he presented, but was soon led out by his fellow-students, who told him that his ears were frozen. By vigorous use of snow and afterwards of restoratives, all serious trouble was averted, although he was confined to his room for several days; but he often told, with much amusement, of the remark made by one of the Professors, that "It wouldn't look very well for a minister to have cropped ears."

near breaking some of my limbs. I was running down a hill with more velocity than I recollect to have done since I have been in Andover. It was cold, and the road very uneven and hard. When I had reached nearly the foot of the hill, either my surtout tripped me, or I hit my foot against a stone, which threw me forward with great force, and I fell on my right arm. I rose from the ground as soon as I was able, and finding myself not much injured, I uttered as sincere thanks to God as ever before in my life. 'Bless the Lord, oh, my soul!' I cried out. I continued my walk, but perceived that my arm grew a little painful, or rather my elbow and wrist, for I fell on them. I am now this evening able to hold my pen, but not to cut my food with my right hand. Oh, I would not take many dollars for that fall. It taught me a lesson which perhaps years of prosperity might not have been able to teach. If it is sanctified to me, I shall esteem it as one of the tender mercies which the Lord has ever heaped around me. Why might I not have fallen on my head and been deprived of my reason? or have broken my leg and been a cripple all my days? or have broken my right arm and disabled me from almost every useful employment? or why might not some of the inhabitants have found me lying dead in the street?" The day following he adds: "Oh, if the Lord will sanctify my fall to my spiritual good, I will bless His name for the occurrence as long as I live. No matter whether prosperity or adversity be my lot, long or short life, if they only prove instruments in the hand of the Lord to draw me nearer to Him."

Recovery from a cold taken by exposure, other falls, an accident to a neighbor, all called forth ejaculations of praise and thanksgiving, at his own preservation from serious accident, sickness and death.

At this time, his interest was much enlisted in the

cause of foreign missions. Some of the earlier missionaries, Goodell of Turkey, and Temple of Malta, were his classmates. Thurston of the Sandwich Islands, preceded him by one year. And others of like spirit, were just starting out for their distant fields, filled with fervent zeal. Mr. Lockwood's enthusiastic nature was aroused, and he expressed a great desire to devote himself to this work, but circumstances turned his steps in a different direction, although as long as he lived, the cause was dear to his heart. Some extracts from his journal at this time, show the aspirations and longings of his soul.

"*Saturday, December 20th*, 1817. I do hunger and thirst after spiritual knowledge and growth in grace. Oh, for more perfect conformity to the divine image, for more purity in my motives. 'Search me, O God, and know my heart, try me and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.'"

"*Sabbath, 21st.* I hope I may always this week, and hereafter, keep in mind that I am consecrated to God, and that I ought to do everything which I undertake, with a single eye to God's glory. I want to be freed from selfishness, and to act from *holy* motives.

"I want an abiding, permanent sense of my obligations. I want spiritual mindedness, heavenly mindedness, ardent love for immortal souls, and the promotion of Christ's kingdom."

"*Friday, January 30th*, 1818. For some time past, I humbly and thankfully hope the Lord has manifested Himself to me, as He does not unto the world. The Holy Spirit has condescendingly been pleased to take up His abode in my heart, and breathed into my unworthy soul new life. He has enabled me to pray with faith, for an outpouring of the Spirit upon our Institution, upon the Academy, in

short, upon this consecrated hill, and upon the country around it. I have been enabled to feel myself more like a *consecrated* vessel, as no more my own, and as ready to say, come Lord Jesus, come quickly. Oh, *for the Saviour's love for souls!* My heart pants for it, as the hart pants after the water-brooks."

"*February 15th.* Oh, I am a proud, selfish, ungrateful sinner. I have but a few talents to improve in the Lord's service here, and it is no matter where I spend them; if the Lord only direct. Is it not Thy will, O Lord, that the heathen should be saved, and that teachers be sent to instruct them? Oh, wilt Thou not call Thy servant to this work, may he not be permitted to labor among the idol nations of the world? Thou canst make me able and willing to bear the greatest burdens, to endure the severest trials, to suffer the pains of death for Thy cause. Oh, strengthen me, and make me willing in the day of Thy power."

"*July 2d.* I am a backslider backsliding. One evidence of this I find in my excessively trifling disposition. Spiritual things seem to be losing their weight with me. The awful danger of immortal souls scarcely ever comes into my thoughts. Yet I do feel, feel interested in the great work which God is carrying on in the world. But my vigor and energy of action have left me. Oh, my soul, awake! awake! I must not continue so. Holy Spirit! come, and quicken my dead frame. Oh, come! and drive away all levity, all pride, and all selfishness."

"*Sabbath, July 6th.* Oh, that I were more spiritually minded, more humble, more watchful, more conformed to my Saviour! Let me have communion with God, and all pain and self-denial will be nothing. Is my hope surely fixed on Jesus, then welcome a heathen shore, welcome persecution and death. With the promise, 'My grace shall be sufficient for thee,' I will fear nothing.

"As to spiritual dangers, I find I have insensibly ac-

quired habits of ease and self-gratification. I shall need much resolution, and some self-denial, before I shall be able to spend my time as I ought, and to possess affections which I want."

"*December* 31*st*, 1818. At the close of this year, I sit down, and reflect on the last three hundred and sixty-five days. I see much, very much of selfishness in all my performances. I have not indeed neglected my closet, but I must mourn that I have found so little communion with God in it. I must reproach myself with thinking so little of perishing sinners, with thinking so much of myself. And now, as a sinful creature, I prostrate myself at the feet of my Saviour, and plead acceptance and grace through Him. I would come with the request, that I may end this year, and commence the next, as He would have me do. This is my request, that throughout not only the next year, but through life, I may be enabled to act and live by this rule, to do just as Jesus would do if He were in my case, to converse, and exhort, and pray, and meditate, and read the Scriptures, and exercise, and eat, and drink, and study, and look, and feel, and desire, just as the Saviour would do if He were in my case. And at the close of every day, I would call myself to account for the manner in which it has been spent, and pray that I may improve by my past failings. To-morrow morning, may the Lord awaken me, and put within me a right frame of heart, and may I never forget Him."

"*Saturday*, *January* 2*d*, 1819. Oh, I would gladly leave country and all, for a vineyard of souls in heathen lands, if God would bestow on me all the necessary graces, if He would fill me with the Holy Ghost, and say, 'this is the way.' What is home! What are friends! that they should detach our affections from God, and allure us from the path of duty!"

While in the Seminary his rules for study, devotions, exercise, and recreation, were very strict and methodical. Rev. Dorus Clark, D.D., one of his classmates now living in Boston, says of him at this time:

"I very distinctly remember my impressions of your father. We roomed together at Dr. Wood's, a year or more, and both belonged to a *club of six members* of our class, which we formed for our mutual improvement, and this brought us into very close social and scholastic relations. As a scholar, he was among the very best members of a class which numbered forty-two, during our senior year, and that, I think, is no 'faint praise.' He was also a man of deep Christian conscientiousness, or, in other words, a man of prayer. He 'walked with God,' more, I think, than many students in theology, and I very well remember, that he aimed at a very high measure of excellence as a pastor. . . . . I hope, that this garland, which I affectionately, and reverently lay upon the tomb of my venerable and beloved friend, may be acceptable to you all, and acceptable to Him also who knows every heart."

He was graduated at Andover, in 1820, but it was not until 1821, that he was ordained to the work of an evangelist.

EVANGELISTIC WORK.

In the fall of that year, while preaching in a church in Vandewater Street, New York City, he was heard by a gentleman from Virginia, who was so much pleased with him, that he engaged him to go to Richmond, under the auspices of a Young Men's Missionary Association of that city, and perform missionary work. Strange as it may seem, none of the members of the Association were professing Christians, but soon after Mr. Lockwood be-

gan preaching for them, they were every one of them converted, and a stirring revival was the result of his labors in that field. His journal (the only record of his labors there except a few letters) is a simple, unvarnished statement of facts, engagements, appointments, etc., but this record testifies to his ceaseless activity, and his untiring zeal in the Master's work. Visits from house to house, where religious conversation was always adroitly introduced, followed by prayer and often singing; neighborhood meetings, held in private families, almost every evening of the week; distributing bibles, preaching two and three times every Sunday, often at the penitentiary and poor-house, in addition,—these and similar duties filled each day, and were entered into with his whole heart. "To win souls" was his aim, and no meeting or gathering was considered a success, however large, unless some heart was touched, or some individual remained after the service for religious conversation. He was never weary of relating incidents of his experience, and remembered with admiration, the open, cordial hospitality of the Southern people. On his first visit, 1821, he took the journey from Connecticut to Virginia on horseback, and often spoke of it with wonder, after his powers of endurance had become weakened.

He continued this work, extending his labors to Petersburg and Fredericksburg, throughout the winters of 1821–'22–'23, returning to his home in the spring of each year. In the summer of 1822, he spent a month or two travelling in the interest of Amherst College, giving information with regard to that institution, and securing subscriptions for it. The cause of higher education was dear to him as long as he lived, and he was always ready to extend a helping hand, or speak an encouraging word to those who desired to secure it, and

in later years he manifested by his gifts to kindred objects the same unfailing interest. It was during this summer that he was invited to supply the pulpit, for one Sunday, in Long Meadow, Mass. The occasion made no especial impression upon him, but the year before his death, while visiting in Easthampton, he was called upon by an old gentleman, who reminded him of the occurrence, "And do you know," he added, "why you did not receive a call from the church?" Mr. Lockwood said he did not even know that any such thing was thought of. "Yes," replied the gentleman, "you were invited to preach with that object in view, but the good, staid people of the church said it would never do to call you as a pastor, for you ran up the pulpit stairs so quick, they were sure you were too light and frivolous." Those who were accustomed to see his erect form, and quick, elastic step, as he walked up the aisle and ascended the pulpit steps in the church at Binghamton, after he had passed his fourscore years, will appreciate this remark, made sixty years before, while those who observed his invariably devout manner in the house of God, would never accuse him of frivolity.

At the time he was in college and pursuing his studies in the Theological Seminary, he had not the erect bearing he gained in after years, but stooped very perceptibly, partly in consequence of extreme nearsightedness. This infirmity obliged him to wear glasses through all his early life, until he was past forty years of age, when he discontinued the use of them, excepting when looking at a distant view, and many persons have marveled to see him, after reaching the eighties, read the finest print without spectacles.

On October 2d, 1822, he was married to Matilda Davenport, at the house of her father, in Stamford, Conn.

The next winter he spent in Fredericksburg, as before stated, and the following year he labored as an evangelist in parts of Connecticut, preaching for some time at Brooklyn, in that State, where he received a call to settle, which he declined.

In 1824, he was settled as pastor at Peekskill on the Hudson, where he also taught school. He remained here until 1826, when for a year he labored in Western New York, part of the time acting as agent for Auburn Seminary, and part of the time supplying vacant pulpits. In the prosecution of this work, he was led, in the summer of 1827, to Norwich, Chenango County, where an incident occurred which he afterwards asserted was one of the most painfully mortifying events of his life, and yet, by the overruling providence of God, it proved one of the greatest blessings, for by it he was led to make his home in Binghamton, which was the scene of his greatest success in the ministry, and which became to him the dearest, as he always declared it to be the pleasantest spot on earth. At that time, there was, in the church in Norwich, a division on the subject of revival measures, some holding to the old conservative methods, while others advocated the more advanced ideas of Finney and other revivalists. Without declaring himself for either party, he won the approval of both, and after a stay of a few weeks, received a unanimous call to become their pastor, which he accepted, and returned to Stamford to remove his family. Having forwarded his household goods, he again started for what he now considered his new home, when he was met on the way by a letter, requesting him to delay bringing his furniture, as *one gentleman*, who had been away from home, a member of the Assembly, *wished to hear him preach before the matter was decided.* Filled with mortification and chagrin,

he kept on his way to Norwich, but not to preach. He went instead to a small village in the neighborhood, and nothing could persuade him to enter the pulpit at Norwich. While suffering under this disappointment, Rev. Mr. Niles, of Binghamton, sought him out, asked him to supply his pulpit, (he being in feeble health,) and this, the most painful experience of his life, became the turning-point of his future career.

PASTORATE AT BINGHAMTON.

On Sunday, August 5th, 1827, he preached his first sermon to the people whose pastor he afterwards became. The text was from Prov. iii. 17, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Fifty years afterward, on the anniversary of that day, when in his seventy-ninth year, he preached the same sermon in the same place.* Some individuals were then present, who remembered hearing him preach it the first time.

He at once received a call as a colleague of Mr. Niles, with a salary of $500 a year, which he stipulated should be paid in regular installments of money, instead of partly by donation visits, as had been the cus-

* The circumstances of his repeating this sermon were as follows: The pastor of the church being absent, a clergyman, (a resident of the town,) was supplying the pulpit for half the day. As he gave the notice that there would be no evening service, Mr. Lockwood said to him, "It is a pity to close the church; if you will preach this evening, I will preach this morning a sermon which I delivered in the old church fifty years ago." His brother clergyman readily assented to this arrangement, and gave place to the venerable ex-pastor, who surprised and delighted the congregation, old and young, by the vigor and force with which he presented the truth. He had been looking over the sermon at home in view of the anniversary, and put it in his pocket to read to his grandchildren, and so it happened that he had it with him at church.

tom formerly. The death of Mr. Niles the following spring—the first, and to this time the only pastor—left Mr. Lockwood in sole charge of the church, which had just passed through a revival, conducted by Rev. Mr. Richardson. He entered heartily and enthusiastically upon the work before him, showing rare executive skill, and remarkable ability as an organizer. Many years after, he loved to recall the circumstances and incidents of that time, and picture the scenes to his children and the young friends of a later generation.

The church building, which was on the spot where the present First Church of Binghamton now stands, held about two hundred and fifty persons. The building was enlarged during his ministry to make room for the rapidly-increasing congregation. The weekly meetings were held in a small school-house, which was lighted by candles, and the lanterns carried by the people to guide them through the unpaved and unlighted streets. These were placed near the desk, to provide light for the reader, or set in the windows, giving a faint glimmer through the room. There was no bell to call to these services, but the first person who arrived bearing a lantern, would put it in the window, which was the signal for the gathering, "early candle-light" being the hour announced for the meeting. Many a time in the dead of winter, faithful women have carried their arms full of wood and kindlings, to start the fire in the stove.

Previous to his settlement, the Sunday-school had been discontinued through the winter months. He prevailed upon the people to try the experiment of continuing it through the year, which proved a complete success. Another aggressive step, tending to bring out the young people of the church, was a plan for neighborhood Sabbath-schools. An historical address was delivered by

him at the semi-centennial of the church in 1867, from which the following extracts are given:

"On December 16th, 1827, I preached a sermon on the text: 'Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord,' in which I attempted to give the portraiture of a consistent, zealous Christian. The sermon closed with a fervid appeal, calling on all citizens and Christians to lay aside denominational differences, and engage in the work of doing good to those around us, particularly specifying the work of Sabbath-school instruction; and then, with the following resolution: 'I move that there be a Sabbath-school in every school district of this town; and let all those who feel disposed to second this motion, meet me at my study to-morrow evening.' The motion took the people by surprise; but it was favorably received. The attempt was made, and was, to a considerable extent, successful. At all events, a spirit in favor of Christian action in this direction was excited, which was productive of good, not only to the families in the outer districts, but to the members of the church who enlisted in the enterprise. A system of tract distribution was begun; an association for missionary and benevolent work was formed; and a vigorous temperance reformation was inaugurated."

With regard to this last movement, extracts are again made from his address:

"This caused a prodigious ferment in the community. At that time, here, as everywhere throughout the country, intemperance prevailed to an alarming extent. There were three distilleries in the town, two of which were in the village; and in one of these an elder in our church was the distiller. Every merchant in town kept liquor to sell, or to give away to his customers. Every family was in the habit of using it more or less, and offering it to guests as

a token of hospitality. The battle on this subject was a fierce one, a sort of hand-to-hand affair. At times it raged furiously. The subject of temperance was kept constantly before the people. Alcohol was handled without mittens. As a specimen, take the following: A man in Millville killed himself by drinking whisky and brandy at a drunken revel in the neighborhood. Being called on to attend his funeral, I preached a sermon at the house on the text, 2 Kings x. 9, 'But who slew all these?' In this sermon, I portrayed before the assembled multitude, the most of them strangers, the hideous features of alcohol or intoxicating drinks as an enemy, and the heaps of his slaughtered victims; arousing a feeling of indignation against the monster, and of sympathy for his victims. After the sermon, the temperance pledge was presented and quite extensively signed.

"The result of this movement was glorious. Truth prevailed. Every distillery was stopped; every merchant ceased to traffic in the article. There was a total revolution on this subject in the manners and customs of society. It ceased to be considered a token of friendship to ask visitors or callers to drink. For the sake of removing objections, as also to avoid the appearance of evil, for more than a year, or during the heat of the contest, I abandoned the use of tea and coffee, drinking nothing but cold water. At the same time, rumors were circulated far and near, that I secretly sent my demijohn to the city to be filled with wine."*

While putting all the members of the church at work, he performed his own special pastoral duties earnestly, systematically, and untiringly.

In the years 1831 and 1832 occurred those remark-

* He always retained an abhorrence of intoxicating drinks and tobacco, and only used stimulants as a medicine the last years of his life, by the advice of a physician. It was his boast that he never had a cigar in his mouth.

able revivals, the memory and influence of which continue till this day. The account of these years is given by his own pen, in the address already alluded to.

Early in 1831, he was invited to assist the pastor of a neighboring church (Owego), in revival services, and on his return, stirred by these exercises, he gave a report to his own people, of what the Lord was doing in a sister church, and a kindred spirit was excited among the praying ones of his flock.

"The Presbytery was to hold its stated meeting here, on the third Tuesday of the following month. I forthwith wrote to all the brethren to come, on that occasion, prepared to preach at a protracted meeting; at the same time making special efforts to prepare the way for a blessing.

"A sunrise prayer-meeting had been appointed for Wednesday morning, in the old school-house on Washington street. This was well attended. At ten o'clock the church was pretty well filled, to listen to the free conversation on the state of religion within the bounds of the Presbytery. These narratives affected the people deeply, as the year had been one of unusual spiritual prosperity to the churches of Presbytery. The interest in them deepened as the meetings continued. On Thursday, the time from five o'clock in the morning till late in the evening was taken up with religious exercises; ecclesiastical business being attended to during intervals of worship.

"At the morning prayer-meeting on Saturday, after the ministers had left us, an uncommon spirit of prayer was manifested by the members of the church. A number of anxious souls rose to be prayed for. Several came to converse with me during the day; and in the evening my study was filled with persons who came to converse with me on the subject of personal religion; between thirty

and forty were present. At the same time, two prayer-meetings were being held in the village in reference to these inquirers. Thus I found myself alone, with a number of inquiring souls, and a revival spirit animating a portion of the church. The next Wednesday I gave out, and on Thursday, by request of some of the most active members of the church, I sent for Rev. Mr. Richardson, whose labors in the revival of '27 had been wonderfully blest, but whom as yet I had never seen. Brother Richardson continued with us a month, and as the result of these efforts, forty-six new members were added to the church at the communion seasons in June and August.

"Just at this time, in the midst of all this interest, my darling boy Theodore, aged three years and two months, was suddenly taken from us by scarlet-fever. His sickness and death came upon his parents like a clap of thunder in a clear sky. So sudden was his departure, that only a few of the congregation knew of his sickness, till they were invited to his funeral. And a few weeks after, another boy was taken from us, who had since been added to our family.

"The year 1832 opened with a measure intended to promote mutual acquaintance, a spirit of brotherly love, and a spirit of prayer among members of the church. One member was to be made the special subject of prayer by all others, each secular day of the week; and on the Sabbath, the pastor was to be thus remembered. In order to render the plan intelligible to all, and practicable, each member of the church was furnished with a printed list of the members; and opposite each name was the day to be appropriated to that one. On that day, *that* individual might expect to receive a visit from the pastor.

"The effect of this measure was almost electrical. The poor and afflicted, and those who felt themselves neglected or unknown by their brethren or their pastor, were encouraged and strengthened. The backslider and wan-

derer was thus reminded of his profession, and induced to return to his duty and his privileges. On the pastor, the effect was no less marked. The plan went into operation on the third Thursday of February, which I find by my journal, was that year observed as 'a concert of fasting and prayer for colleges.'

"I now copy from my journal, under date of Sabbath, March 4th. 'Preached this morning on Isaiah xxviii. 17, "And the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters overflow the hiding-place." In the afternoon, on Isaiah lxii. 10, "Gather out the stones." The whole verse reads thus: "Go through, go through the gates; prepare ye the way for the people, cast up, cast up the highway; *gather out the stones;* lift up a standard for the people."' The journal continues, 'Enjoyed myself in the services, particularly the preaching, more than ever before in Binghamton, and because I was enabled to be faithful, to come home to the hearts and consciences of the church and the congregation. I attribute this result partly, if not entirely, to the prayers offered up for me this morning, by the members of my church, in their families and in their closets. This is the first Sabbath in which the members have acted on the new plan.' The sermon in the morning was addressed to the impenitent; in the afternoon to the church.

"On the following Sabbath, March 11th, I preached in the morning on Numbers xxxii. 23, 'Be sure your sin will find you out.' On the afternoon of that Sabbath the church came out into the aisles and renewed their covenant. This was an occasion deeply solemn and intensely interesting.* In the evening, addressed the

* This meeting is still spoken of by those who attended it as wonderfully solemn and impressive. One prominent business-man surprised all the congregation, by coming out and joining those who thus openly renewed their covenant. Although a church member before moving to the village, he had never made the fact known; had been very

church on the necessity of prayer and conversation with the impenitent, and *announced a protracted meeting to commence a fortnight from Tuesday next.*—This announcement was wholly unexpected by the congregation; and presumptuous as it may now appear, it was made while at the time I did not know who would assist me, having taken no steps to procure aid from abroad. I did not doubt, however, that such aid would be provided. During that week I wrote letters to several brethren, and called on others, advising them what I had done, and beseeching them to 'come over' into Binghamton 'and help us.' To these applications, favorable responses were made. In the meantime, everything which I could do was done, in order to prepare the way for a blessing. Indeed, we were then in the midst of revival scenes. On the Sabbath afternoon preceding the protracted meeting, I preached on the text, Hosea ix. 5, 'What will ye do in the solemn day?' applied to the anticipated meeting.

"At the appointed time, March 27th, the meeting commenced, and continued ten days, ending on the 7th of April—the Saturday of the following week—and a precious, very precious meeting it was.

"In my journal, under date of April 9th, the Monday after the close of the meeting, is the following entry: The church is now in a delightful frame of harmony, and manifest a good degree of engagedness. Yesterday I preached in the forenoon on the text, 'Remember Lot's

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worldly, and had shown no interest in religious things. It was said that on returning home from this service he retired to his room, and did not leave it until time for the evening meeting, spending the interval in confession and prayer. That evening his wife, who had never professed to be a Christian, came out with others for prayer and conversation, saying she was not going to be left alone, and soon after united with the church. He was afterward ordained a ruling elder, and both husband and wife continued to be earnest, active Christian workers.

wife,' addressed to souls lingering on the plains of destruction. Being feeble myself, and moreover feeling, in view of the numerous sermons lately preached, that a change in the services might be profitable, I proposed that in the afternoon, all who felt that they were lingering should take the front slips when they came in, and that the hour of worship should be spent in special prayer for them. About twenty took the seats ; it was an afternoon long to be remembered—very solemn. At the close I proposed that the exercises of the evening should be of the same character. Several then came forward for the first time."

[In the published copy of this address, appears a note which contains the following incidents:

"There is a story connected with the services of this Sabbath which does not appear in my journal. It is as follows: On Friday, the last day of the meeting, a stranger introduced himself to me as an evangelist, and with recommendations from brethren of a sister Presbytery. It was at a time when I felt completely exhausted and wholly unprepared to take the charge of the services on the coming Sabbath. The coming of this brother at this time of my extremity seemed a signal interposition of Providence in my favor. He was willing to be set to work at once. Accordingly, as the brethren were about to leave me on Saturday, I engaged him to preach on Saturday evening and on the Sabbath. I felt relieved, and in order to secure a large attendance, I took my sulky on Saturday and rode around the country, announcing to the people that there would be service in the church on Saturday evening, preaching by ——, a stranger from —— Presbytery ; that the same brother would take my place in the pulpit on the Sabbath, and urging them all to come and hear him. He had not proceeded far in the exercises on Saturday evening, when

I began to feel that I had made a great mistake. He did not reach the case at all. The people, as well as myself, were in an excited state. We had been feasting on the choicest provisions of God's house for many days, and his sermon was not at all adapted to meet the wants of the congregation. I felt as if the meeting would put back the revival, perhaps put a stop to it, and prevent the salvation of souls. I was in torture all through the exercises. And then the question came up, What shall I do? I had circulated the intelligence that this man was to preach on the Sabbath. But it would never answer; and I was not prepared. Oh, I felt as if I should die. But right or wrong, I pursued this course. I could not help it. After the service I did not speak to the brother. He went home with me. We had family worship. I went to bed; rose early next morning; went into my study; did not come out to breakfast; prepared notes on the text, 'Remember Lot's wife'; went to church; did not speak to the brother, who sat in the slip with my family. And then what to do for the afternoon. The course adopted was impromptu, not premeditated, but grew out of the necessity of the case. But it turned out to be the best course that could have been adopted. I never preached so before; I do not know that I have ever preached so since. The Lord helped me."

"Among those who came forward in the afternoon as subjects of prayer was a clerk in a store in the village, a good business young man, prompt, moral as the world would call it, one who had occasionally attended the meetings, but who had not manifested any anxiety about himself, nor (so far as was known) been solemnly impressed by the special efforts that had just been made. His employer had joined the church about two years before. After the morning service, and the family had gone home, he did not make his appearance, but went to the store.

"As the time drew near for the afternoon service he came in, when the following conversation took place: 'Where have you been?' 'On my knees, sir.' After a moment's pause, 'Where are you going to church this afternoon?'

"'That's the question on which I have been deliberating, sir; if I go to the Presbyterian Church, I know which is the place I ought to take, and I am unwilling to take it.'

"After some advice from his employer suited to his case, the matter was dropped.

"As the congregation assembled, great was the surprise of all to see this young man, erect in posture and firm in step, go forward to one of the front slips, take his seat with the subjects for prayer, and there sit with his head inclined forward, resting on the front of the slip.

"After the services, several of the young converts went with him to the store, where they prayed together, and where he yielded the contest, and gave his heart to his Saviour. He united with the church and afterward became a minister of the Gospel.

"Another person who came forward this afternoon was Dr. Blackman, a physician, who, with his family, had been a resident of Binghamton for a few years. The first that was known by me of his religious views was, when he was seen to come in, and take his seat in one of the front slips. He also, within a day or so, expressed a hope that he had been born of the Spirit, and came to converse with me. The conversation to me was satisfactory; and the question came up about making a public profession.

"'As to making a public profession of religion,' said the doctor, 'I don't mean to be in haste. I don't know which is the right church; I mean to read church history on that point. I want to begin at the fountain-head, the commencement of the Christian era, and trace the matter down and see where the truth lies,' etc., etc. To

which I replied in substance, 'All very good, doctor, but do you not perceive that this is the work of a life, which you are laying out for yourself? If you defer making a public profession of religion till you have accomplished all which you have laid out for yourself, it is very much to be doubted whether you ever make any at all. You'll die making the inquiry. The church is the very place most favorable for prosecuting such a study. Enter the church first, and then go on with your investigation.' The idea struck the doctor favorably. He united with us the following Sabbath, and I believe has ever since adorned his profession."]

"I have always looked on this meeting as by far the most profitable that the church had at that time enjoyed, and on the 15th and 29th of April, forty-eight united with the church on examination.

"During the greater part of the following May and June, I was absent, part of the time in Philadelphia as Commissioner to the General Assembly, and part of the time visiting friends in New York City and Connecticut.

"On my return in the latter part of June, pastoral duties were resumed, particularly, meeting the classes in my study, and visiting the members each day at their houses.

"The members of the church were arranged into eight classes, who took their turns in meeting the pastor in his study on Tuesday evening; on which occasions the exercises were somewhat similar to what I suppose to be those of a Methodist class-meeting, or a Baptist fellowship meeting. Sunrise prayer-meetings were resumed. The younger male members of the church were organized into four companies, who every Sabbath evening went out to the four districts, in the remote parts of the congregation, to aid in conducting the meetings held there by those who lived in the neighborhood. The field in the village and the surrounding country was no longer fal-

low ground. The soil seemed to be all mellow, like a garden. The word, when dropped, took effect.

"That the spirit of the time may be more clearly seen, I quote from the records of the session under date September 27th, as follows: 'For the promotion of piety among us, the church was divided into companies of forty each; and each of these companies was put under the supervision of an elder. It is understood that the elder visits, when practicable, every individual of the company over which he is placed, between each communion season; also, that the elders change their companies at every communion season. It is also understood, that at our weekly meetings of session, each elder present be called on to report progress on this subject.' This was the state of things when I heard of Jedediah Burchard, who was then attending a protracted meeting in the northern part of Chenango County, and I thought it would be a privilege to have the counsel, if not the assistance, of such a man as Mr. Burchard was represented to be. At all events, as a kindred spirit, I wanted to see him as my guest, and to offer him my house as a place of temporary rest; and decided to send for him.

VISIT AND LABORS OF MR. BURCHARD.

"On the 17th of October, Mr. Burchard made his appearance at my house, accompanied by his wife and two praying deacons, who traveled with him as co-workers. He refused to stay at all unless he could go on with a meeting. It was Wednesday when he came. He declined attending the lecture that evening.

"After the close of the meeting, I stated to the people present, that Mr. Burchard was at my house, and invited as many as felt disposed, to call on him the next morning. The result of the matter was, that a meeting was commenced within a day or two—a meeting which, for the length of time it was continued, for the power with which

it was carried on, and for its results has seldom had a parallel.* It began Sunday, October 20th, and though it is put down in the church records as ending on the 13th of November, (a period of twenty-six days,) it actually continued, though in a different form, and not so entirely under the management of Mr. Burchard, till the middle of January—a period of three months. On the 25th of November, *one hundred and sixteen* new members were received into the church.

"Our meetings had been attended by large numbers who had come from a distance, and who had returned to awaken the neighborhood in which they lived. According to the records of the session, it appears that on Sabbath, December 16th, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered at Castle Creek, in a private house. On this occasion twenty-two, who had before been examined by the session, were received into the church, fifteen of whom were baptized—six of them by immersion.

"Those who were not present can hardly conceive of the ferment occasioned by this meeting. We had no morning prayer-meetings at this time; but every day, for three weeks, except Sunday, my parlor and dining-room, connected by folding doors, were thrown open, and occupied by an inquiry meeting; and both rooms were generally filled. At the same time my study, in the west wing of the house, was filled with children, who were under the instruction of Mrs. Burchard; and on several occasions, besides these meetings, another was held at the same time in one of the chambers, by mothers, as a female prayer-meeting. The children were afterward taught and prayed with in Mrs. Strale's school-

* One of his old parishioners has called attention to the deep humility he manifested in allowing Mr. Burchard and other Evangelists, to come in and take entire direction of the meetings, standing aside, but ever ready to fall in with any measures proposed, if only some soul could be led to Christ.

room ; and for years Mrs. Whiting* continued to gather them in her parlor, every Saturday afternoon, for a children's prayer-meeting.

"Immediately after Mr. Burchard left us, or as soon as I could compose my mind for reflection, my thoughts, as might naturally be expected, were occupied with surveying the new field into which I was now thrown, and considering what plans could be devised to bring this unexampled addition to our numbers under efficient pastoral supervision. The church now numbered four hundred and forty-eight members ; one-half of whom had joined us during the last year. Something must be done to keep alive the revival spirit, or a fearful reaction might be apprehended.

"The plan of making one member each day a special subject of prayer and of pastoral visitation, though it had operated like a charm at the beginning of the year, was now rendered impracticable. The church had outgrown it. It would require almost a year and a half to go around once. The idea finally suggested itself, of numbering the members by households. By arranging the church according to this method, making each family a subject of prayer each secular day of the week, it was found that the list could be completed in a little less than six months. The plan of dividing the members into companies, to be under the supervision of the elders, which had also worked well, needed to be remodeled ; and accordingly, the whole church was divided into eight neighborhood classes, and thus might again be brought

* Mrs. Whiting was a granddaughter of President Edwards. She was a remarkable woman, active, energetic, and of deep spirituality. Mr. Lockwood always felt that the success of his labors in this church was due in a large degree to the faith, prayers, and labors of Mrs. Whiting and other women of like spirit, who entered heartily into all his plans, and were his most faithful, efficient coadjutors. Mrs. Whiting died in 1873 at the advanced age of ninety-one years.

within the bounds of efficient supervision by the pastor and the elders."

[To give some idea of this system, a copy of the order for each day, week, and month is here quoted, taken from the church manual prepared and published at that time, 1833:

"I. The communion is administered in this church on the first Sabbath of every other month.

"The Saturday previous is observed by the church as far as is practicable, as a season of fasting, humiliation, and prayer.

"At ten o'clock in the morning a general church conference and prayer-meeting is held in the church.

"The preparatory lecture is preached in the church at two o'clock P.M.

"The session meets in the church to attend to any business that may come before them, immediately after the preparatory lecture.

"II. The afternoon of the second Sabbath after every communion season, is devoted to the baptized children of the church.

"On that occasion the baptized children, when they come into the house of God, take their places in the front body slips, vacated for that purpose, and are made the special subjects of exhortation and prayer, by the pastor and the church.

"This is the stated season for attending to the ordinance of household baptism. Parents, members of the church, who have children to be baptized, are expected to present them on that occasion.

"III. Those male members of the church who reside in the village are divided into eight companies. These companies attend to the Sabbath evening prayer-meetings in the eight districts around the village. They go round

the circle, in the order of rotation, and thus complete their circuit between every communion season.

"IV. The members of the church are arranged in this book in two tables.

"The first table exhibits principally a copy of the records, and is intended for the benefit of the members, as a brief chronological history of the church.

"In the second table, the members are arranged *by households*. Over each household is printed a day of the month. On that day, all the church unite in remembering, in their private and family devotion, the family thus set under the day. Individual members, not connected in families belonging to our church, are remembered in the same way with households.

"The individual or household observe the day on which they are thus remembered by all the church, as a day of special prayer, and (so far as practicable) as a day of *fasting* and prayer.

"On that day at eleven o'clock, this household (or individual as the case may be) receive a religious visit from their pastor, on which occasion it is desired that all the members of the family be present.

"Persons residing at a distance, or who are temporarily absent, and can not, therefore, receive on *their day* a pastoral *visit*, receive as a substitute a pastoral *letter*.

"It will be observed that the Sabbath day is not noticed in this table. The reason is, *on the Sabbath the whole church unite in praying for their pastor*.

"V. The households in the church are next divided into eight classes, in the order of locality of residence. Those who reside in the same neighborhood, are put into one class. The pastor (and as many of the session as can) meets with one class every week. The place of meeting is somewhere within the bounds of the class. The object of the meeting is to inquire into the state of feeling in each member, and in any other way that may

be suggested, to promote personal piety and a spirit of active benevolence.

"VI. Each of these eight classes is entrusted to the supervision of an elder.

"It is understood to be the duty of the elder, to have a personal interview (so far as is practicable) with every individual of his class, to obtain information relative to those who are absent, and who can not, therefore, be visited, and to report to the session, previous to the communion season at which he resigns his class.

"VII. The Sabbath-school is divided into classes of six persons, with a teacher to each class.

"The teacher makes one of his scholars, beginning with the first on his class-book, a subject of prayer, each secular day in the week.

"The scholars enter into the same arrangement, thus praying for each other.

"On the Sabbath, all the scholars unite in praying for their teacher, their superintendent, and their minister."]

RESIGNATION OF THE BINGHAMTON PASTORATE.

"And now, another important and unexpected result followed this wonderful meeting, viz.: my resignation.

"In making out this new plan, I found to my surprise, that every adult female attending our church was a professor of religion. Of the male adults, all were professors excepting a few, and of those, a part had become personally disaffected toward me and threatened division. *To me* it seemed unlikely that I could ever do them any good. Another faithful man might. And at that time, I hoped I could procure them such a man. At all events, I made up my mind, with the leave of Presbytery, to resign, and so announced from the pulpit, on the first Sabbath in February; and on the same week, distributed to the church the printed manual, a pamphlet of thirty-three pages, which I had prepared for them on the

new plan; accompanying the same with the following pastoral letter:

"DEAR BRETHREN: You have already heard the announcement which I made to you on the last Sabbath. The preparing of this year's manual for your use was the chief instrument in bringing me to this decision. Little did I think when I commenced it that it would result in an event so important as the dissolution (with the leave of the Presbytery) of the pastoral relation existing between us.

"The two objects for which I labor are the conversion of sinners and the sanctification of the people of God. As it regards the first of these objects, viz., the conversion of sinners, an examination of the list of members of the church led me to form another list, of the attendants on the sanctuary who remained unconverted. This list I took, and from it marked off those who, for some cause, had become personally disaffected toward me—some of whom had entirely 'forsaken the assembling of themselves together' with us, and with regard to all of whom I was led to feel that I could do them good no longer. Another faithful man might. The same love for their souls, therefore, which originally induced me to become your pastor, now led me to decide that I ought to remain so no longer. The other part of the list of unconverted persons are willing, and some of them are desirous, that I should still remain your pastor. I love them for their kind feeling toward me. But this is no time for compliments. I have failed in my efforts to bring them to comply with the terms of the Gospel. In the meanwhile, time is rapidly bearing them away to the world of spirits, beyond the reach of any efforts. If anything can be done for them by any other person, I am anxious that the experiment should be made.

"As it regards the second object for which I labor, viz., the sanctification of the people of God, I confess the

path of duty has not appeared so plain. Every time I thought on the subject of leaving you, the company of young converts, and especially the multitude that has been gathered for the last few months, seemed to stand before me and solicit my continuance among them. At one time I was on the point of deciding that, *for their sakes*, I ought to remain ; but at length decided as I have done, mainly in view of the six or seven impenitent persons whose feelings of disaffection toward me have been alluded to, and also in view of the peculiar system of your church organization. Let the young converts adhere to this system, and, though left for a season without a pastor, they will not be scattered as sheep without a shepherd.

"As my last advice to you all, my dear brethren, I say adhere to this system and improve it. You can not grow lukewarm, so long as you adhere to it daily 'in spirit and in truth.' It will promote in you a spirit of prayer and of brotherly love ; it will help you to form your character on the model of a vigorous piety. Already it has proved, by your own experience, to be admirably adapted to beget and to nourish *the revival spirit* in the hearts of Christians. Above all, do not neglect that part of the system which makes your pastor a subject of prayer every Sabbath. Especially, do not neglect it while *he* ministers to you in holy things, who has now the pleasure of signing himself, Your affectionate pastor,

"*February 9th*, 1833. PETER LOCKWOOD."

"At this time the church was in a truly revived state. The young men, organized as they were into four companies, were earnestly attending the meetings of conference and prayer in the surrounding neighborhoods, and in talking and praying with anxious souls. Many of them were quite acceptable as exhorters, and quite a number of them were looking forward to the time when they would be ministers of the Gospel.

"On the Sabbath before my dismission (April 14th), it being the second Sabbath after the communion season, when the baptized children being assembled in the front slips, were made the special subjects of prayer by the church, and when, according to the manual, the ordinance of household baptism was administered, twenty-three infants from thirteen families were baptized; and in the evening, at a neighborhood prayer-meeting, there was one case of conversion. I found the people in a revived state in 1827. In such a frame I left them in 1833, at the close of my pastorate."

In August following, at a meeting of the male members of the church, a call was unanimously voted to Mr. Howell, Mr. Lockwood's successor, whose services had been secured through his efforts. At the same time the following resolution, offered by Mason Whiting, Esq., was also passed unanimously: "The pastoral relation which has existed for several years between the Rev. Peter Lockwood and this church, having, upon the request of Mr. Lockwood, and with the consent of this church, been recently dissolved; it is resolved, That the thanks of this church be presented to Mr. Lockwood for his faithful services while he remained their pastor; and that he be assured that, wherever he may go, the good-will and prayers of this church will accompany him, that he may long be continued a useful and successful laborer in the vineyard of his Lord and Master."

The autumn following this resignation, in 1833, he went to Richmond to recover his strength, which was much exhausted, leaving his family in New York for the winter. The next spring, 1834, being invited to occupy the pulpits of two feeble churches in the vicinity of Binghamton, he concluded to pass the next winter among his former congregation, and to spend his leisure

time in attending to the education of his children. No sooner was this known, than applications were received from several parents that he would also take the charge of their children. Hence originated the classical school in Binghamton, which he taught with great success. It was his boast that "his boys" were better readers than were found elsewhere; and he received many proofs in after years of the thoroughness of the instruction there given, and of the loyalty of the pupils to their teacher.

He had been thus engaged about two years and a half, when, in the winter of 1837, his eldest son John, a remarkably bright and promising lad of twelve years, was attacked with a painful and alarming illness, which, returning at intervals through the summer, led his father to serious reflection on the meaning of this providence. To quote his own words:

"This is a judgment of God on *me* for forsaking the ministry, that office to which I had been dedicated by my parents, been called by the Spirit, and consecrated by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery. Though I had preached about every Sabbath in destitute places, I felt that I had, for the time being, laid down the office of the ministry. I had laid it down for the purpose of taking up the education of my children; and now God seemed to be saying to me, in this dispensation of His providence, 'Well, since this is your purpose, you may have enough to do in taking the charge of your children'; and I resolved never again to decline my services when invited to take the charge of a congregation."

PASTORATES AT CORTLAND AND BERKSHIRE.

In less than three weeks from the time of his making this resolution, in October, 1837, he received and ac-

cepted an invitation from the church at Cortland to become its pastor.

Rev. H. A. Nelson, D.D., (now of Geneva, N. Y.,) then a lad living in that place, thus described to Mr. Lockwood the impression which the announcement of his decision made upon himself: "We were all anxious," he said, "to know what you had decided; but no mention was made of the matter until at the close of the evening service, you alluded to it, and said, 'you will find my answer in Paul's Epistle to Philemon, 22d verse.' I hurried out of church, rushed home, caught up my Bible, and read with delight these words, 'But withal, prepare me also a lodging: for I trust that through your prayers I shall be given unto you.'"

Dr. Nelson says of his ministry in Cortland: "So much of Mr. Lockwood's life as I witnessed was not eventful. It was the spirit and character he showed in the even tenor of a quiet life that fixed themselves in my memory. His preaching always impressed me, and I think it helped me. His elocution was a model, in the observation and experience of which I profited; not so much by any conscious study or imitation of it, as by its direct power upon me. Clearness, strength, naturalness were its most notable qualities; and the last of these made it the expression of his character. His manners were a combination of modesty and dignity, which I always greatly enjoyed. They made his presence a quiet power, continually moulding toward good those on whom it fell. I set a higher value on such lives than on those which are more startling, more fitful, and less consistent."

He continued to labor in Cortland for five years, during which period a large number of converts were added to the church, and the faith and zeal of Christians were greatly strengthened.

From Cortland he removed, in 1842, to Berkshire, Tioga County, a farming community, where he settled, chiefly for the benefit of the son already alluded to, whose health continued to give his parents great anxiety. Here he spent another five years, and while living in this place he experienced a most sudden and distressing affliction in the death of that son John, then a student in Yale College. He was a precocious child from infancy—read Greek and Latin when he was eight years old; united with the church at the age of seven, after a very clear and decided confession of his trust in Christ; and from that time until his death was lovely, winning, and most exemplary.

The heart of his father and mother were bound up in him. They depended upon his assistance in influencing his brothers and sisters, many years younger than himself, and looked forward with happy anticipations to his becoming a standard-bearer of the Lord in some part of the heathen world, for from early life he had expressed a wish to be a foreign missionary.

The disease which so early fastened itself upon him greatly retarded his studies, but with returning health and strength, new hope filled his own and his parents' hearts. He entered Yale College in October, 1844, full of delightful anticipations, and in a state of health that quieted the fears of his friends.

Those were the days of stage-coaches and canal-boats, instead of railroads and telegraphs; and in the little hamlet where Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood were living, it took several days for mail communication to reach them from the East. The last of December they received letters from friends in New York and New Haven, bearing the terrible news that their darling son, their hope and pride, had passed away from earth, after an illness

of but two days, from scarlet fever — the tidings reaching them four days after he had been laid in the grave.

It is needless to dwell upon their grief, but even in this sad hour, the peace and comfort of God filled their hearts, and they bowed in humble submission to His will.

It was a remarkable fact, and one in which he recognized the promptings of the Spirit of God, that the Sabbath before this intelligence reached them, and while his son lay dead, he was led to take as the subject of his remarks at the evening meeting, the text, "He hath done all things well." He was so impressed with the thoughts suggested that he chose it for his text for the following Sabbath, and the sermon was nearly written when the sad news arrived. He said: "At first it seemed as though the devil whispered in my ear, 'What do you think of the sentiment of your text *now?*' I bless the Lord that I was enabled to resist the devil and he fled from me." He completed the sermon referred to, and preached it the following Sabbath.

He wrote to his mother in these words:

"So far from having a murmuring or rebellious feeling in reference to this dispensation, my heart has been filled with a sense of the great goodness of God in giving us such a son, in sparing him to us so long, in ordering all things in reference to the last months, and even the last moments of his life, in so much mercy. A bereavement to us it is indeed—a disappointment. Perhaps you can not conceive how great a disappointment, but in the good providence of God he has been taken home to the bosom of his Saviour, while as yet *nothing*, absolutely nothing had occurred to mar the enjoyment we feel in looking back upon him. O! I do feel that God has been good to my beloved child—my first born—good not only in giving him to us, in making him what he was, in sparing him

to us so long; but good in taking him away under circumstances so enviable."

In the following year, Mr. Lockwood prepared a biography of his son, which was first published by Robert Carter, and was afterward transferred to the Tract Society, and issued by them in an abridged form.

In both Cortland and Berkshire, he had continued his neighborhood visiting and preaching, in addition to the regular pastoral work, although not carrying out fully the plan introduced in Binghamton. The continued strain upon his mental and nervous system began by this time to tell upon him, and he felt compelled to give up preaching for a season. In those days, ministers were not accustomed to have a specified vacation every year, and it was only when he went for a short visit to friends at the East, or the regular meetings of Synod and Presbytery, that he indulged in any relaxation.

RETURN TO BINGHAMTON.

Upon resigning his charge at Berkshire he returned to Binghamton, and took up his residence in the house which he had built while pastor there in 1828, and which he continued to occupy until his death.

From this time until the infirmities of age began to creep upon him, he held himself ever ready to supply vacant churches, to preach in destitute neighborhoods, and assist in forming new organizations. The church at Apalachin looks upon him as its founder, and many souls in Whitney's Point and Chenango Forks think of him with affection as their spiritual father.

From the day of his return to Binghamton, he resolved that no pastor of the First (then the only) Presbyterian church, should ever have reason to regret the

presence in the congregation of an ex-pastor, and all the acting pastors from that time until the day of his death, have borne testimony to the conscientious manner in which he kept his resolution. These were Rev. John Humphrey, Rev. Wm. H. Goodrich, Rev. G. N. Boardman, Rev. J. P. Gulliver, and the present incumbent, Rev. G. P. Nichols, with each of whom in turn he was on terms of the happiest fraternal intercourse and Christian fellowship. His intimacy with Rev. William H. Goodrich, afterward of Cleveland, and now deceased, was that of a father and son, and Rev. Dr. George N. Boardman, successor of Mr. Goodrich and now Professor in the Congregational Theological Seminary at Chicago, says of him, "I shall never forget his great kindness, his excellent,—*perfect*,—qualities as a parishioner, and his great delight in the prosperity of the church."

It was with unmingled joy and satisfaction, after the church had passed through a long and trying period without a pastor, that he learned of the decision of the Rev. Dr. Nichols to accept a call to the church in Binghamton in the autumn of 1881. He gave to him his entire confidence, entered heartily into some changes proposed in the public service,* listened with great comfort and delight to his presentations of truth, and welcomed him at all times most affectionately to his fireside. During his last sickness, when weariness and depression hung over him, his pastor's voice in prayer always soothed and cheered him when no other could.

He ever felt a tender fatherly affection for this church and all its interests, as well as for the branches which sprang from it, and he delighted in every mark of growth

* The principal one of these was the responsive readings of the Psalms, and he greatly enjoyed leading these responses, calling himself "the clerk."

and prosperity in them all. Neither were his sympathies confined to his own denomination, but were broad and deep for all churches where Christ was preached as the Saviour of sinners. He used to say that he was more than half a Methodist, for he loved to respond "Amen" to a petition that touched his heart in public prayer. He liked their class-meetings, and during his last sickness said to one of the family, "The Methodist system of class-meetings is the best way to bring forward all the members of the church, and to keep them aroused." Again, in recent years, when language sometimes failed him, and he lost much of his facility in extemporaneous prayer, he has been heard to say he thought he would like the written prayers of the Episcopal Church, so beautifully worded and so comprehensive. He never refused to baptize by immersion when it was desired.

The church manual already referred to, which he prepared while in Binghamton, included a form for the admission of members. This form is substantially the same in use at the present time in the church where he introduced it, but in his later years, when his Christian life had grown mellow, and his sympathies had broadened, he used to say that the Lord's table should not be hedged about with doctrinal defences, but that whoever loved the Lord Jesus Christ, and desired to confess Him before men, ought not to be forbidden to come to His supper.

He always felt that personal acquaintance and visitation were important auxiliaries to earnest preaching, and enabled the pastor to make more pointed applications of the truth in his sermons. All who knew him, will readily believe that there was never anything light or frivolous in his preaching. Without studying oratorical effect, he had quick sensibilities, great magnetic

power, and a ready tact which taught him instinctively how to take advantage of occasions, and how to produce a deep impression by a single word, or even by profound silence.

He could not be called a sensational preacher, for he never said anything for the simple purpose of startling the hearer, or to make himself prominent. He never used any "clap-trap" in his revival exercises, but depended upon the simple presentation of the truth and prayer. He did not, however, hesitate to make use of startling facts to illustrate a point, or to fasten a conviction, but even that was never done in a way to cause a smile, or in a manner approaching irreverence. On one occasion when in the country near Richmond, the following incident occurred, which he narrated in a letter:

"In the midst of my preaching, two or three young ladies in one corner of the church began, what I suppose to be their usual practice of talking and laughing together. I stopped, looked sternly at them, and procured silence. In a little time again they commenced, and I addressed to them particularly the part of my sermon which was just applicable to their case. I was pointing out some characteristics of spiritual death, and pointing to them, I said, 'They can attend on preaching indeed; but while the minister of the Gospel is inculcating the most important truths, and denouncing the most fearful judgment on characters, such as themselves, they can laugh and talk. Yes, and while the minister is talking expressly to *them*, they can smile as though they had no interest in the truths. You will be sorry for such conduct, my young friends, when you come to die.' The whole company of triflers became solemn, and remained so throughout the rest of the exercises."

In his days of active work he was remarkably happy in his allusions to passing events, and in applying the lessons drawn from them, believing that the subjects which agitate the minds of the people should not be ignored by the minister of the Gospel, but should be utilized to impress upon all, the overruling providence of God.

In early life, and all through the years of his public ministry, he had wonderful gifts in prayer; melting the heart and awakening deep emotions, by his directness and solemnity.

He felt the advantage of contiguity, and believed that much power and spirit were lost in the social prayer-meetings, by the people sitting far apart, or at "arm's length" from the minister. He has often said, when a report of a dull prayer-meeting has been brought to him, "Do the people take the front seats around the minister?" adding, "If I had charge of such a meeting, and they would not come to me, I would take my chair and sit down among them." He compared it to persons complaining of the cold, when, if they would only draw close together around the fire, they could soon become warm.

At one time during his labors in Binghamton, in making his faithful pastoral visits, he learned, to his sorrow, that the family altar was neglected in many families.

At the next weekly prayer-meeting he spoke on the subject of family worship, and stated the fact that he feared many families in the church were neglectful of their duty in this respect. When he ended, one of the members of the church arose and almost flatly contradicted the pastor, asserting that he did not believe such a state of things existed, and the pastor was representing things worse than they were. As he took his seat,

Mr. Lockwood's clear voice rang out, "Mr. ——, do you have family worship?" "No, sir," was the reluctant reply. "Mr. So-and-So, do you have family worship?" "No, sir," faintly answered the second. So on around the room, until many heads of families present confessed, with their own lips, to having failed in this duty. But it did not rest here, for this circumstance was so used by the pastor that Christians were aroused to their duty, family altars erected, and many thoughtless ones brought to Christ.

His love of music and a talent for singing aided him greatly in his early labors. His was emphatically a life of prayer and praise. No one who knew him will soon forget his voice in song. Clear, sweet, sympathetic, and strong, with a native pathos intensified by his deep religious emotions, he sang the Gospel into many a heart. His ear was so true that any dissonance was torture to him; and with his highly-strung, nervous temperament, he could not control his impatience and restlessness when so disturbed.

It is said that on one occasion while he was pastor in Binghamton, the singing at a social meeting was out of time and tune. As the hymn was finished, Mr. Lockwood said quickly, "No one can pray after such singing. We will sing again," mentioning another hymn, and leading it himself.

While in college he belonged to the chapel choir, and his sacred songs were a marked characteristic of the meetings held during vacations; and as he went from place to place he sang the "Good News."

In the Theological Seminary, he was also a member of the church choir, and belonged to a Choral Society where such music as "Handel's Messiah," etc., was studied.

He played the bass-viol, as it was then called, and afterward took great pleasure in the flute. In Richmond he used the same talent to win souls to Christ, and one hymn in particular was used with great effect, of which he wrote in a letter: "The little hymn of Maffit's,

> 'O! there will be mourning
> At the judgment-seat of Christ!'

is thought above all praise here. I have attended four meetings in the country, and at each of them have sung it, and the effect is wonderful. A solemnity and stillness instantly appears." Afterward, when retired from the active labors of the ministry, his clear voice often led the songs of Zion in the social meeting; and at the last public service he ever attended he led the responses and joined in the praises of God in the church he so much loved.

It is not possible to tell what this power of song was to his own home circle. In the family worship morning and evening, and in the social gathering of friends, his voice was always ready and true, and his ear quick to catch the harmony. Of late years, as his hearing became impaired, and he could not enjoy so much the singing of others, he used to content himself with "hearing himself sing"; and in his own room, "looking toward sunset," when tired of reading, he would sit and sing by the hour such hymns as these:

> "Fountain of grace, rich, full and free,
> What need I that is not in Thee."
>
> "With songs and honors sounding loud,
> Address the Lord most high."
>
> "God is the refuge of his saints."
>
> "God moves in a mysterious way."
>
> "Yes, for me, for me He careth."

Occasional visitors at the house, as well as guests sojourning under his roof, will remember hearing him, as one friend happily said, "Singing all the way to heaven."

When at family worship, a part of the hymn had been omitted on account of the lateness of the hour, or for some other cause, after the service was finished and the others had returned to their several duties, he would often sing it all through again alone, not willing to lose a single stanza. A favorite morning hymn was:

> "Once more, my soul, the rising day
> Salutes thy waking eyes."

Every morning for weeks he would start that hymn, until one of the family would object, and say, "We sang that yesterday, father." His reply always was, "Well, my daughter, what of that? It is 'once more,' and 'once more,' and 'once more' every day." Many a time, when taking his favorite drive alone, he entertained himself by singing, "Oh, bless the Lord, my soul"; "The spacious firmament on high"; "The Lord my Shepherd is"; or some other familiar hymn. Indeed it would be difficult to mention any old standard hymn which he did not know and love to sing.

For years before his death, his first exclamation upon awaking in the morning was, "Bless the Lord! Oh, my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name," and during the last few years of his life he repeated on retiring:

> "Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray *Thee*, Lord, my soul to keep;
> If I should die before I wake,
> I pray *Thee*, Lord, my soul to take;
> And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

His heart was always overflowing with humble gratitude to God for His goodness. "We have great reason

to be thankful!" was a common expression of his daily life, and he often said when hearing of the trials and misfortunes of others, "Who hath made us to differ!"

His loved room was dearer still to him as it became a sanctuary and a closet, and there, early in the morning, before the family assembled, and in the evening while they were engaged elsewhere, his voice would often be heard in singing, or pleading with his Heavenly Father for a blessing on himself, his family, and the church.

Those walls are hallowed by the prayers that have ascended from them, and the melodies he loved seem to linger and sing in them yet. The family altar, where the morning and evening incense ascended to the Giver of all good, was a marked feature in his home. It was regarded by him as sacred, and he never allowed anything to interfere with it. All present were expected to have their Bibles open and to join in the service. He read the Bible through "in course," and the children, as soon as they could read intelligibly, took their turn with the older ones in reading each three verses in succession of the chapter for the day. Hymn books were provided, and all joined in the song of praise, sometimes accompanied by the piano, but more frequently without, he himself leading; and then all knelt at the throne of grace, while he, in a tone of peculiar pathos, poured forth his soul in devout thanksgiving for mercies received, in humble confession of sin, and in earnest petition for blessings on all present, for absent friends, etc., and ending with the Lord's Prayer repeated in unison. To the last days of his life he loved to mention individual cases in prayer, the family of a neighbor in affliction, a friend sick in a distant city, an anniversary, a disaster, any event of joy or sorrow, of public or private interest which arrested his attention, or enlisted

his sympathy, the church, the pastor, the Sabbath-school, some special missionary or charitable object; and doubtless hundreds have been blessed by his prayers, who never knew that they were remembered by him at the throne of grace. The petitions at the family altar were full of such remembrances, making those occasions replete with tender interest, as many friends have testified who have received comfort and delight from those services, and his immediate family remember with thankfulness the system he followed in their behalf as long as he lived. One friend, who has been much in the family of late years, alluding to this practice, writes, "What shall we do without the good man's prayers? The church, and indeed the whole community, feel that a righteous man, whose quiet influence has been felt for many years, is taken from a world that needs many more like him"; and another says: "I think that I never appreciated the beauty and power of family prayer, as when it has been my privilege to kneel at your family altar, and join with him in asking the blessing of God on those whom he loved." A casual acquaintance, having been present a few months before his death, writes, "I shall not soon forget the look upon his face, as, leaning upon the piano, he led us all in the hymn of praise."

He observed to the last the old-time custom of "returning thanks" at the close of meals, as well as "asking a blessing" at the beginning.

The place of social prayer was very dear to him, and he was always a punctual and regular attendant, ready to aid by prayer, exhortation, or song, until the feebleness of age prevented.

His children were early trained to attend the weekly prayer-meeting, and not to allow any other engagement, however attractive, to interfere with it, and as for stay-

ing away from church on Sunday, or going to any but their own, it was not to be thought of.

He was very fond of a little book entitled "Life at Threescore and Ten," a sermon by Dr. Albert Barnes, of Philadelphia, and published by the Tract Society. He always kept a supply on hand, and presented a copy to almost every guest, old or young, who enjoyed his hospitality, saying it expressed his sentiments better than anything he could say. His memorandum has the names of *one hundred and thirty-eight persons* to whom he had given it.

He was greatly disturbed at the utterances of a prominent infidel lecturer, and the dissemination of his views through the press, attracting the attention of all classes, and he used often to pray that "the mouth of the blasphemer might be stopped, and that this Goliath, who had come forth to defy the armies of the living God, might be met like Saul of Tarsus, and led to glorify that God whom he now blasphemed."

When in active life he favored the measures of such revivalists as Finney and Nettleton. In recent years he was greatly interested in the labors of Mr. Moody. Mr. Moody's books were always at hand on his library-table, and he derived much pleasure and comfort from reading them.

For some years before his death, owing to the increasing infirmity of deafness, he was in the habit of sitting in the pulpit by the side of the pastor or officiating clergyman, and those who have seen him there will not soon forget his earnest, devout manner, as he leaned eagerly forward, to catch every word that fell from the speaker's lips, while his nod of approval, or low uttered "Amen," would testify to his thorough satisfaction and enjoyment; or if anything displeased him, it was not

difficult for those who knew him well, to discover it in the expression of his countenance. It became customary for the preacher to ask him to pronounce the benediction at the close of the service, which he did to the last with a loud, clear, triumphant tone; weaving into it, when possible, an allusion to the special subject of the discourse just finished, and many have said of this service, "I love to hear Mr. Lockwood pronounce the benediction. It is as good as a sermon."

The Rev. W. P. Coddington, D.D., who supplied the pulpit for several months, said of him: "His presence with me in the pulpit was always a benediction, and I am sure the good people of the First Church will sadly miss his genial and gracious presence in the Sabbath service. Your father lived a luminous life. For more than half a century he has been a faithful, conspicuous light-holder for God. We may believe he has now entered into rest and wears a crown."

At any allusion to the love of Jesus, or any reference to His perfections and atonement, his eye would kindle, and a loving smile overspread his features. He enjoyed strong doctrinal preaching, if Christ was made prominent, but sermons, however ably written, or gracefully delivered, which made no allusion to Christ, or were filled with logical or philosophical argument on mooted doctrinal points, or scientific discussions, depressed him, and made him really unhappy. "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him," he would exclaim, after listening to such a discourse. But this was the extent of his criticism, excepting as he showed his disapproval by profound silence. He never liked to hear the sermon criticised, and would not allow it in his family. From their earliest recollection, his children remember that

any unfavorable comment on the sermon or the preacher, was met with reproof. "You can always find some good in every sermon," he would say.

He loved peace, and would at any time sacrifice his own feelings for the sake of maintaining it. He would never allow his children to bring home complaints about their schoolmates, or teachers, or any one associated with them, saying that undoubtedly they themselves were partly at fault in the matter. Above all, he longed for harmony among Christian people, and sadly mourned when anything like dissension threatened the church so dear to him.

At one time, a few years before his death, there were grave apprehensions of serious difficulty. The pastor had recently resigned, and the church seemed to be drifting without a helm. Mr. Lockwood had been appointed by Presbytery to declare the pulpit vacant. When he gave this notice he requested of the officiating clergyman the liberty of adding a few words. After making allusion to similar circumstances through which the church had passed without disturbance, he said: "Brethren, I hear there are divisions and contentions among you. I hear that you held a meeting two weeks ago at which I verily believe the devil laughed and clapped his hands, and our blessed Redeemer might have covered His face with His hands and burst into tears. Friends, this church is my life. I love it as a father loves his child, and I entreat you to be at peace one with another. I believe if this church should be torn in pieces it would break my heart, and bring my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. I understand you are to have another meeting to-morrow evening, to consider ways and means. Forget the past, and come together harmoniously, and generously unite in the means that are thought best to get out of debt.

There is no hope for you but in keeping together and acting harmoniously. It is said that the Apostle John, when he was an old man, unable to walk, was carried into the assemblies, and all he could say was, 'Little children, love one another. Little children, love one another.' In the Acts of the Apostles, Peter and John were often seen together in various circumstances. I do not know the age of John, but I know that Peter just entered upon his eighty-second year yesterday. If *John** were here to-day, I would ask him to come and unite with me in entreating you, 'Little children, love one another.' "

It is perhaps not out of place to add that the meeting referred to, proved to be most harmonious and satisfactory.

He was a man of few words, but of very decided convictions of right and duty. In early life, with his intense nervous temperament, when worn with labor or anxiety, hasty words would spring to his lips, but in later years all irritability and impatience were restrained, and if an unguarded word escaped him, he always regretted it, and humbly sought to make amends by more tenderness and consideration.

He was very domestic, and loved the quiet of his own home, while he was always happy to welcome to its doors loved and congenial friends, whose companionship he greatly enjoyed. One honored friend,† says of him, "He frequently referred to his old labors, but never except in the humblest spirit, and with great gratitude that he had ever been honored with the Christian ambassadorship.

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* John P. Gulliver, the former pastor.

† Rev. Herrick Johnson, D.D.

"His chief characteristics, as I knew him, in the rich and beautiful golden days of his later pilgrimage were—

"1. His love of Christian song.

"2. His ready sympathy with every good work.

"3. His quick, keen, spiritual relish of the *Word*.

"4. His humble self-distrustfulness.

"5. His beautiful, *beautiful* spirit in the Christian home, as the head of his household. All my memories of him are tender and blessed."

Another one* says of him. "He was one of those people, beyond the shadow of a doubt, of whom it may be said, whatsoever things were pure, and lovely, and of good report, were the things which he loved. I think with nothing but unmingled satisfaction of the many times I was so favored as to enjoy his hospitality, and to see him in the quiet and familiar intercourse of his own home. He seemed to me like the Apostle John, full of tender and devout love for Jesus Christ and the cause of Christ, and the disciple of the Lord. How blessed is it to have such memories of a father as you have—to have ministered to his comfort so long—to have so sure and certain a hope that he has entered into light, into life."

His family have heard with tearful gratitude, the many expressions from all classes, of the deep pervading influence he exerted in these last years of his life, when he himself thought he could do no good, and was of no use. "It did me good just to see him." "Whenever I met him I felt better for it." "His benediction was a sermon in itself, and did me good," are some of the words that have come to them, showing the esteem in which he was held. Men whom he never knew, as well

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* Rev. S. G. Brown, D.D.

as old tried friends, bear their testimony to his strict integrity, uncompromising truthfulness, and conscientious Christian living. His horror of debt became proverbial, and the family have known him to spend hours in search of some one to whom he owed a trifling sum for labor done.

He made a habit of giving systematically, and was never too poor to contribute to benevolent objects, and when in his old age he was surrounded by all the comforts of life, his habit of giving increased as his means increased; and there is scarcely a church in the city, nor a benevolent object of any kind that he considered worthy, which has not been cheered by his liberal response to an appeal for aid.

He showed remarkable business ability and shrewdness for one whose education and training had been in an entirely different direction, and business men with whom he had dealings have said had he pursued a mercantile life, he would have made a most successful man of business.

He had a native sense of humor, and keenly appreciated a good joke. In early life his journal indicates a morbid attempt to stifle any such disposition, but as he advanced in years, he felt the need of more relaxation, and departed from the rigid rules of his youth. His younger children and grandchildren remember his playfulness with them, and a friend of later years mentions "his youthful feeling and sprightliness, and how many frolics we had with him." He had a collection of facetious and humorous slips cut from newspapers, with which he would occasionally entertain the family, laughing over them with great glee.

May 19, 1865, his daughter Annie Matilda was married to Josiah S. Leverett, a merchant of New York

City. Their children, five in number, (his only grandchildren,) were a source of great pleasure and entertainment to him.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING AND CLOSING YEARS.

On October 2, 1872, Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood celebrated their golden wedding, on which occasion many friends gathered to offer congratulations and give them greetings. The aged pair were looking forward to the celebration of their sixtieth anniversary, when he was stricken with his last sickness, but it was not forgotten, for on that day, October 2, 1882, he dictated a note to the secretary of the Board of Ministerial Relief for aged and indigent clergymen of the Presbyterian Church, enclosing a check of considerable amount as a thank-offering.

He was very public-spirited, and watched the growth and prosperity of Binghamton with great interest, and was in favor of any new industry or enterprise tending toward the physical, moral, or religious improvement of the town, even though it was to his own personal disadvantage. When the grading of the streets required the destruction of a large number of beautiful maple trees, planted forty years before by his own hand around the homestead, he recognized the necessity and submitted cheerfully. But when the march of improvement ruthlessly proposed to run a new railroad not only across his lawn, but directly through his house, cutting it in two, his public spirit was staggered, and at first he flatly refused, saying that he expected to live and die on that spot. But railroad mandates are inexorable, and for five months he was turned out of the house, while it was being removed and settled on its new foundation. When he returned and became accustomed to the new surroundings, he declared them greatly improved, and for a

whole year was happy in the enjoyment of his "new old home."

The last time he ever preached was on October 26th, 1879. The church was without a pastor, and Rev. Dr. Gordon Hall, of Northampton, Mass., temporarily visiting friends in town, was engaged to preach on that day. The services had begun, and Dr. Hall was reading the first hymn, when he was suddenly seized with a hemorrhage of the lungs, and was obliged to retire. At once Mr. Lockwood, who was seated in the pulpit, arose and said to the congregation, that if they would wait until he could go home and get a sermon, he would preach. While they were singing a hymn he went quickly out of the church, took his horse, which was near by, drove home, seized the first sermon that came to hand, and returning, proceeded with the services, preaching with much of his old-time energy and fire. The nervous excitement of the moment enabled him to do what he could not have done, had he known before that he would be called upon, and he felt no unpleasant effects from it. At this time he was in his eighty-second year. After this occurrence, he never went to church without a sermon in his pocket. Dr. Hall was carried to his friend's house, where he lingered for two weeks and then passed away.

A MEMORABLE ANNIVERSARY.

On Sunday, April 2d, 1882, the spring before his death, during the morning service, he requested the pastor (Rev. Dr. Nichols) to allow him to say a few words to the congregation, when he spoke as follows:

"To-day is an interesting anniversary with me. Sixty-seven years ago! before the most of those who now hear me were born! Sixty-seven years ago! At that time

there was not any city of Binghamton. A few families formed a small village near the junction of the two rivers, called Chenango Point, or 'Chenang-pint.' There was at that time on this ground no church organization of any kind. This church, which was about the first, was organized with seventeen members two years later, viz., in 1817.* I came here ten years after that, viz., in 1827, and the next year built the house in which I now live.

"Sixty-seven years ago, *i.e.*, in the year 1815, the second day of April came as it does this year, on Sunday. On that day, *i.e.*, April 2d, 1815, I made a public profession of religion. I was then a lad a little more than seventeen years old, away from home, in New Haven, a member of Yale College. Dr. Dwight was then president of the College, and pastor of the College church. Never shall I forget the Psalm which he read and which was sung on that occasion. We used then Dwight's Psalms and Hymns. It was the 116th Psalm. Three of the verses were :

"'What shall I render to my God
For all His kindness shown?
My feet shall visit Thine abode,
My songs address Thy throne.

"'How happy all Thy servants are!
How great Thy grace to me!
My life, which Thou hast made Thy care,
Lord! I devote to Thee.

"'Here, in Thy courts, I leave my vow,
And Thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints! who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.'

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* It is an interesting and striking circumstance that the last one of these original members, Mrs. Mary E. Doubleday, a resident of Binghamton, "entered into rest" only seven days after her early friend and pastor.

"In view of this solemn transaction, under these circumstances, and at this early period of my life, oh, how many thoughts and reflections rush upon my mind. But this is no place to give vent to them. Let me say to the youths who hear me: Dear young friends, during my long life I have done many things, made many mistakes which I have afterwards been sorry for; but believe me when I assure you, that during these sixty-seven years which have passed since that day when I came out before my fellow-students and took the vows of God upon me, there has not been one moment when I have regretted the stand I then took—*not one.* I only regret,—and I do regret,—that I have not been more faithful in the discharge of my Christian duties; that I have not loved my Saviour more and served Him better. Think of it, my young friends, and resolve from this day—Let others do as they please, 'but as for me I will serve the Lord.'

"And let me improve this opportunity by saying to the congregation generally: Brethren and friends, there have been times recently when I have felt,—oh, that I could see this church free from debt and settled on a good financial basis, with a pastor settled over them in whom all were united; methinks I could then say with aged Simeon, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'—Thanks to the Great Head of the Church, I have been spared to see the accomplishment of both these events, and yet I confess I do not feel quite ready to go.

"One thing more I earnestly desire. Oh, that God would allow me to live to see it! I want to see the aisles of this beautiful church, as I have seen the aisles of the old church that was burned, filled with those who have come out from the world, and pledging themselves to be faithful disciples of the Saviour and hearty co-workers with your pastor in bringing souls to Jesus. And even then, I do not know that I should be ready to use the language of aged Simeon. Methinks I would want to live to see

the millennium — the complete triumph of the Gospel over the whole world.

"Brethren, I earnestly desire your prayers for me, that, as a disciple of the Saviour, as a steward entrusted with a portion of this world's goods, as a minister of the Gospel, I may be faithful to the end; and that whenever the time comes for me to depart, I may be enabled to say, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.' 'For I know him whom I have believed; and I am persuaded that he is able to guard that which I have committed to him against that day.'"

THE LAST DAYS.

Although not robust in appearance, Mr. Lockwood ordinarily enjoyed good health, and was never confined to his bed by sickness a single day since his boyhood until his last illness. At the same time his nervous system never entirely recovered from the effects of the strain of his early pastoral labors when, as a brother clergyman had told him, he did as much work in one year as most men do in five. The winter before his death his appetite, always fickle, almost failed him, in consequence of a severe and painful attack of sciatica, and although recovering from the immediate disease, he never regained his strength and appetite. During the summer he took a slight cold, which at the time gave no anxiety, but was doubtless the origin of the disease, pneumonia complicated with pleurisy, which resulted in his death. The first week in September he made a visit to the seaside to try the benefit of a change of air. The journey and the view of the ocean filled him with delight, and it was a pleasure to the friends who were with him to see the child-like enthusiasm with which he enjoyed everything. But he missed his home comforts; a severe storm detained them longer than was intended,

and he returned to Binghamton after a week's absence, depressed in spirits and still more feeble in body.

He continued to fail, and every day found him weaker, until on Sunday, September 24th, he was unable to leave his bed, and said to his daughter who had been attending him through the night, "I shall pass away on this beautiful Sabbath day. It is all bright now. I see my Saviour, and I feel like singing all the time 'Christ, of all my hopes the ground,' etc. When asked if he had been asleep he said, 'No. I've been better employed, I have been thinking of my Saviour.'" It gratified him to learn that he was remembered in the prayers of the church that morning, and this was the first intimation that most of his friends had of his serious illness. When told of one and another who inquired anxiously for him, and among them an old parishioner, he said, "They are very kind, I love them all."

But his time had not yet come. For eight weeks he lingered, causing alternate hope and fear to his family by the fluctuations of his disease. A depression, the result of physical weakness, hung over him at times all through those days of wearisome waiting, but it was always lightened by a few verses of some familiar hymn, either repeated or sung, a text of Scripture, or words of prayer. The mention of the 23d Psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," always brought a response from him, and often he would join in repeating it. The name of Jesus was constantly on his lips, and when at times his sense of sinfulness and unworthiness almost overcame him, "the old, old story," with its promises to "whosoever will," and "all who are heavy laden," would comfort and reassure him. One time at midnight he said, "Pray for me that I may have an abundant entrance; that the peace of God, which pass-

eth all understanding, may keep my heart and mind through Christ Jesus." He frequently asked to have some stanzas sung of the familiar hymns, "How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord," "Know, my soul, thy full salvation," and "Jesus, lover of my soul," and would try with his faint, trembling voice to join in the singing. When from excessive weakness he found himself unable to frame a prayer, even mentally, he was greatly comforted by saying over and over again, "Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee." "Though he slay me yet will I trust in Him." All through his sickness he was filled with thanksgiving to God for the mercies by which he was surrounded, and when told of a friend and neighbor who had sickened and died away from home, he exclaimed, "O! God is so good to me! I don't believe any one was ever surrounded by such favorable circumstances, here at home with my family around me, and every comfort." "I am so thankful my faculties are spared to me, my mind so clear and you all around me. How many, many mercies I have." He saw a merciful providence in every incident of his sickness.*

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* One day while sitting in his reclining-chair, he called for the Life of Dr. Dwight, and requested that a portion of one of his sermons be read aloud to him. The passage he wished to hear was from an address on "The true character of worldly good," delivered to the students of Yale College by Dr. Dwight, then President of the College, upon his recovery from an illness so severe that his life had been despaired of. A few sentences are given to show what was in Mr. L.'s mind in calling for it.

"Like others of our race I have relished several of these things with at least a common attachment. Particularly I have coveted reputation and influence, to a degree which I am unable to justify. Nor have I been insensible to other earthly gratifications. But in the circumstances to which I have referred (viz., his sickness,) all these things were vanishing from my sight. Had they been really valuable in any

The day before he passed away, while his daughter thought him sleeping, he raised his hands, clasped them, and exclaimed, "Oh! my blessed Lord! Oh! my blessed Lord!"

Thus, peacefully, painlessly, patiently he waited for the summons. On the morning of November 16th, after a night of great prostration, as the day dawned he rallied, and there seemed a fair prospect of his continuing another day. But the Master called and he was ready. He greeted the family as usual, but about nine o'clock dropped into a sleep from which he only awoke on "the other side." No groan, no distress, but,

> "Like the dew of the morning,
> Soaring away to its home in the sun,"

he passed away, "gently and lovingly."

It was not death, it was transition. It was not sleep, it was a glad awakening in his Saviour's likeness, and he was "satisfied."

The Binghamton *Daily Republican* of the next morning (November 17th), contained the following obituary:

REV. PETER LOCKWOOD.

DEATH OF A BELOVED AND HONORED CITIZEN.—The Rev. Peter Lockwood, the patriarch pastor of the Presbyterian Church of this city, a man whose cheerful manner and elastic step proclaimed his genial nature and life-long observance of nature's laws—whose smile was a perpetual benediction, and whose life was made luminous by kind words and good deeds, died at his home in this city at 9.40 A. M. yesterday, in the 85th year of his age. His death had been expected for some weeks, but the announcement of it now, ripe

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supposable degree, their value was gone. They could not relieve me from pain; they could not restore me to health; they could not prolong my life; they could promise me no good in the life to come. What, then, were these to me?"

as he was in practical piety, usefulness and years, will strike a deep sense of loss into hundreds of hearts which have long admired and loved him. The deceased had been closely identified with the religious, moral and material growth of this city for more than fifty years, and a brief sketch of his life and labors will be of interest to all.

(Here followed a biographical sketch of his life which it is unnecessary to repeat.)

In briefly reviewing the extraordinary qualities of Mr. Lockwood, and the influence of his life, it is difficult to analyze or refer in fitting terms to his character and the moulding force it exerted upon society. It is plain that this community owes its high moral and Christian sentiment to Mr. Lockwood, the late Dr. Paddock and other pious pioneers who labored with them. That Mr. Lockwood's influence, through a long and active life, was second to none in establishing churches, guiding public sentiment, and promoting the growth of Christian principles, is the grateful testimony of hundreds of hearts familiar with our early history. His heart lay close to all that was good and true in human life, full of practical as well as theoretical Christianity, and ever intent upon lifting up his fellow-man.

The legitimate and natural fruits of such an experience were made specially manifest in his later years. His daily life and conversation, his quiet influence, his unfailing benevolence, his happy, hopeful manner, his words and deeds bore constant and conspicuous testimony for Christ. And these, more than a thousand sermons, proved the power, the sustaining grace and happiness of Christian faith. The writer passed a little time with Mr. Lockwood in his library some months ago, and the beautiful and radiant spirit of the venerable man illumined every word, every expression of lip and eye. Every heart-beat seemed to be a psalm of thanksgiving and praise. The thought of God's goodness and mercy fairly overflowed his mind; and we understand this deep sense of gratitude seemed ever present with him.

His good work sought no worldly praise; his charity was without ostentation. In one of his latest hours he said: "I wish no eulogy to be said at my funeral," and then quoted that familiar line from Bonar:

"Only remembered by what I have done."

The deceased leaves a widow who has been a life partner in every good and gracious work, and four children grown to manhood and womanhood.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." In the ending of such a life, how fitting seems that line of Vaughan's:

"Dear beauteous death, the jewel of the just."

TESTIMONIALS FROM FRIENDS.

The many testimonials from absent friends which poured in when it was known that he had departed, were most consoling and gratifying. Extracts from some of these have already been given. Dr. J. P. Gulliver wrote:

"I have always regarded Mr. Lockwood, since I first knew him, as a very remarkable man. His force of character seemed to press up to view on all occasions and in all directions, as if from an inexhaustible fountain. His simplicity and artlessness were even more remarkable, as it seemed to me. Happy shall we be, if we can leave such a record."

One who had long known and loved him sent the following tribute:

"Mr. Lockwood was a man never to be forgotten by those who ever met him. His cordial welcome, pleasing manner, and kindly words, often full of humor and wit, made him ever a pleasant guest, and his house a place where his friends loved to meet. In the hour of affliction he was an invaluable friend. Time and again has his welcome voice comforted the sorrowing heart and his glad presence filled the aching void. One bright spring day comes often to mind, when he stood with us, through all those long hours of sorrow, beside the bed of death, as the light was fading from the eye of her we loved; repeating comforting passages of Scripture, or singing some well-known hymn. And as she passed away at the close of evening, his voice in prayer soothed the anguish of our hearts, and calmed our rising grief. And now, that

"'The good gray head which all men knew'

has passed away, we mourn that we shall see it no more, in the church, by the way, or at his pleasant home where so many times he has welcomed us."

Another friend wrote :

"When I read that notice of his life and work,—of the good that the Father permitted him to do, or honored him by doing through him,—of the long life of consistent example, preaching the power of the religion of Jesus, years after he had left the pulpit ; of the holy and fragrant memory which he has left behind him ; I could not but lift the eye of exultant faith and behold him rising to his reward, receiving that glad plaudit, 'Well done, thou *good* and *faithful* servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord,' receiving also that dazzling crown of life bestudded with so many gems, tokens of the souls he had won from the power of the destroyer. I could not but think of those lines of Bickersteth's in 'Yesterday, To-day, and Forever,' 'The faithful minister's welcome to heaven,' and picture the glad reunion. I could not but think of the rich joy of the aged warrior, as by angel hands the armor he had so long worn and so honored, was unbuckled from his weary limbs, and the conflict over, the victory won, naught remained but to regale himself with the sweets of eternal rest."

THE FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral was attended on Sunday afternoon, November 19th, at the church where he had worshiped so long. There was a short service at the house, conducted by the Rev. Wm. Niles, D.D., of Hornellsville, New York, son of Mr. Lockwood's predecessor. He spoke a few tender sympathizing words, which were also full of the thought of "victory," and then offered a short prayer. The hymn—

"Christ, of all my hopes the ground,"

one of Mr. Lockwood's favorites, and which gave him so much comfort during his illness, was sung by a quartette, and the venerable form was borne out of the dwelling that had been his home so long, never to return to it. All the clergymen of the city of every denomination, Protestant and Roman Catholic, by request of the family, assembled at the house and walked in procession

to the church. A very large congregation gathered to pay the last tribute to the memory of him with whose face and figure every child had become familiar.

Loving, sympathizing hands had draped the pulpit and the vacant chair in black, and in front of the pulpit was placed a beautiful cross of white flowers. The exercises at the church were conducted by Rev. John McVey, of the North Presbyterian Church, in place of the pastor, Dr. Nichols, who was unable to be present on account of severe illness, much to the regret of himself and the family.

The following account of the service is taken from the *Binghamton Daily Republican* of November 20th:

By the time of the arrival of the funeral cortege at the church, the seating capacity of the edifice was filled with sympathizing friends. The casket containing the remains was placed in front of the pulpit, which was tastefully draped in mourning. The floral tributes were very simple, consisting only of a cross of ivy and a sheaf of wheat. A chant, "Thy Will be done," was rendered touchingly and beautifully by a quartette composed of Miss Stoppard, Miss Holmes, Messrs. Kimball and Mason, after which prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Olin, of the M. E. Church, and appropriate Scriptural passages were read by Rev. Samuel Dunham, of the West Presbyterian* Church. Rev. John McVey, of the North Presbyterian* Church, gave out the hymn—

"How blest the righteous when he dies."

THE REV. DR. NILES

then delivered the following address:

When an aged Christian dies, it is as when the summer sun goes down amid a glory that makes the western horizon seem like the open gates of heaven. It is as if a glimpse were afforded to us of the pearly gates ajar. The golden streets seem to reflect the radiance of

* These churches are both offshoots from the First Church.

heaven back to earth, as the loved one is escorted out of our sight into the home of the redeemed on the other side.

When this aged Christian is a minister of God who has led a great multitude to Jesus, we are reminded of the words of Daniel: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

This venerable servant of God, whose body we are about to commit to the safe keeping of Mother Earth, has outlived the ordinary period of man's stay in this world. For more than fourscore years has his life been spared, and now his removal seems more like a translation than a dying. He was, and is not, for his Lord hath taken him. That precious promise to Abraham has been fulfilled to him, "Thou shalt go to thy fathers in peace and thou shalt be buried in a good old age."

Mine own friend and my father's friend, it is to me a great privilege to render honor to his memory to-day. At the beginning of his ministry here he was my father's colleague in the first pastorate of the First Presbyterian church in this place. He buried my father, and the father and mother of my wife. I was one of the one hundred and sixteen persons who on a single Sabbath united with the church under his pastorate. He was my teacher in after years and has ever been to me and mine a warm and substantial friend. Why should I not honor him?

Binghamton honors the memory of Mr. Lockwood to-day for what he has accomplished here.

I think that I shall be fully borne out in the statement that the moulding influence of Mr. Lockwood's pastorate here has given important character and tone to religious society in this community never to be lost. Would not the spiritual life of Binghamton have been very different from what it now is, if some pastor had succeeded my father whose ministerial services were only perfunctory and routine in their character? Mr. Lockwood was aggressive and efficient in Christian effort. He believed in entire dependence upon God for the salvation of men, as the Christian farmer believes in the fact that only God can give the harvest. The farmer offers his morning prayer for the divine blessing, and then puts all his energy into the business of plowing, planting, and hoeing, assured that there will be no harvest unless he is faithful to the business committed to him. Mr. Lockwood prayed and then put forth his best energies to devise and execute the most hopeful schemes for the winning of men to Christ. He

made a business of it, and put his business talent, of which he had much, into effective exercise to bring about the desired result. The officers of the church were assigned to specific and practical work. The church was numbered and marshalled for prayer and for service. He preached a sermon on the need of organizing a Sunday-school in every school district in the town, and then presented a practical plan for the accomplishment of the work, and at once called for volunteers to engage in the service.

At one time there was some religious interest in the community, and after exhausting his own strength in preaching, he made a vigorous appeal to his co-presbyters to come to his help. At another time he recognized the advantage of securing the aid of those who had been especially successful in arousing the attention of the people to listen to the truth, and in awakening the irreligious to concern for their souls' welfare. Revival after revival stirred this community and all the region round about. He was not selfish in his work, but went to Castle Creek, to the Forks, to Lisle and elsewhere, preaching the word with fervor, pungency, and power.

This zeal did not end with bringing men into the church. He systematized the work of training the membership of the church to efficient Christian service in the kingdom of grace. Sunrise prayer-meetings, women's prayer-meetings, children's meetings, neighborhood class-meetings, an all-day service preparatory to every communion season, accompanied with fasting and prayer, and other progressive plans were adopted and pushed. To be a member of the church during Mr. Lockwood's pastorate meant business. Do you wonder that nearly six years of this constant effort brought many into the kingdom, and made the church a power in this community, and in the regions round about?

A thorough and systematic plan was adopted and executed for reaching the whole people with spiritual reading, using the agency of the American Tract Society. The batteries of the church were turned against the distilleries. "Every merchant in the town kept liquor to sell or to give away to his customers, and every family was in the habit of using it more or less, and offering it to guests as a token of hospitality." The pastor led the assault and ere long "every distillery was stopped, every merchant ceased to traffic in the article. It ceased to be considered a token of friendship to ask visitors or callers to drink."

But work was not confined to the home-field. Mr. Lockwood was

a firm believer that the command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," is binding on us all. Accordingly he not only preached upon the subject of giving of one's substance for the propagation of the Gospel, but he put in operation a specific and business-like plan for teaching Christians to give systematically to foreign missions, the Bible cause, to domestic missions and other schemes of benevolence.

He always gave systematically of his own substance for the advancement of the kingdom of Christ. No wonder that such a pastorate was termed the time of "ferment." Something was always "brewing" in the interests of morality, religion, and Christian beneficence. The leaven of this aggressive and organized Christianity has leavened the whole lump, and church life in this city to-day is what it is for good, in part, because of the peculiar character of Mr. Lockwood's pastorate.

But besides all this, he has been permitted to live as a private citizen in this community for more than thirty years, and you have witnessed his life as an individual Christian. What has been his influence as a Christian in this place for these long years?

Blessed with pecuniary resources beyond most clergymen, he has recognized the claims of Christian stewardship, and has been a liberal giver to almost every Christian enterprise.

As a member of the congregation of the First church, he has been a devout and humble worshipper, a regular and helpful attendant at the prayer-meeting, and ever ready to sustain the hand of its pastors. How often has he generously supplied the pulpit on the shortest notice, that the congregation might not assemble in vain. He has lived before you and your children as a cultivated, helpful, Christian man, and prosperity has not proved his ruin; and I wonder not that you are here in such numbers to-day to honor his memory. How graceful and pleasant was that recent Christian act of giving, by himself and his affectionate wife, of $1,000 to the Presbyterian Board of Ministerial Relief for the benefit of aged or sick or necessitous ministers and their families. It was the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage—their diamond wedding-day—but as he was too sick for any festal gathering, they celebrated the occasion by making that gift in that way. Was it not beautiful and Christian?

Mr. Lockwood has lived before you not only as a minister and a citizen, but as the head of his Christian home. His children have been trained in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. The home

has been pre-eminently a Christian home. Christ has been there first, last, and midst. The family altar has never fallen into decay. The word, the prayer, and the song of praise have daily been honored in the home. O, how he loved to sing the songs of Zion.

That Mr. Lockwood had faults and made mistakes is, I presume, true; but I congratulate this community, the Church of Christ in this place, the Presbyterian churches, the First church, and the Christian home that has been bereaved; I congratulate you all upon having this man, this minister, this citizen, this Christian, this husband and father among you so long.

Like a shock of corn fully ripe he is gathered into the garner of the Lord.

Whittier writes of the river-path at sunset:

"On the river's farther side,
We saw the hill-tops glorified.

"With us the damp, the chill, the gloom—
With them the sunset's rosy bloom,
While dark, through willowy vistas seen,
The river rolled in shade between.
From out the darkness where we trod
We gazed upon those hills of God.

"We paused, as if from that bright shore,
Beckoned our dear ones gone before.

"Sudden our pathway turned from night:
The hills swung open to the light;
Through their green gates the sunshine showed
A long, slant splendor downward flowed.

"So, prayed we, when our feet draw near
The river dark, with mortal fear,
And the night cometh chill with dew,
O Father! let Thy light break through!

"So let the hills of doubt divide,
So bridge with faith the sunless tide!
So let the eyes that fail on earth
On Thy eternal hills look forth;
And in Thy beckoning angels know
The dear ones whom we loved below."

Verily this is not so much a day of mourning as it is a celebration of a victory. Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Rev. JOHN MCVEY then spoke as follows:

You have listened, my friends, with deep interest, I doubt not, to the words which have just been spoken. They are the words of one who, from his long acquaintance with Father Lockwood, and especially with his early ministry, is better fitted than any one else to speak of his Christian and ministerial character, and to estimate his influence upon the religious life and activity of this city and surrounding communities.

What he has said, we are ready to indorse; for even we, who have known him only in these later years of his life, have not failed to recognize the forceful character of the man, his fervency of spirit, his benevolent disposition, his great anxiety for the advancement of the kingdom of Christ; and we have asked ourselves what he must have been when the vigor of youth intensified these characteristics. We can not think of him as patterned after Goldsmith's country parson, only as the country parson is energized and has become, with all his good qualities, a Boanerges. We are sure that he was constituted to be a leader among men; and, coming to this city when it was hardly more than a hamlet, he led God's people, few and feeble, in such a zealous and apostolic manner, as to be remembered and spoken of with interest after an interval of fifty years. But you have heard of his *public* life. Something of the home, the private life of such a man is worth knowing, because it may profit others. Let me give a few items which, with propriety, may be mentioned. As we have passed that home in which he lived so long, how many times we have thought of it, as being so inviting and comfortable, and how many times we have spoken of the aged couple dwelling there, and thought of them as so well preserved and surrounded, whose lines had fallen to them in pleasant places! He appreciated his home; he enjoyed it fully; and he was glad to acknowledge from whom it all came. In the family devotions, when asked what they should sing, it was a common circumstance for him to reply, "Let us sing:

"When all Thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise."

In the early days of his sickness, and once when he had gone very near to the border-land and had returned again, he said, "Oh, I have so many mercies! Oh, the goodness of God! He has surrounded me with so many blessings! I am so thankful that I have all my faculties spared to me! There could not any one pass away under more favorable circumstances. No pain, my faculties spared, my family about me in my own home!" It was a great gratification to him when *all* his family were assembled together once more on the Sabbath for family worship, and he mentioned it with thankfulness to God.

Whoever has been frequently at his home will remember how they have heard him sing to himself some old, familiar hymn. In strong, vigorous tones would be borne to their ears such as, "Fountain of grace, rich, full and free"; "Oh! bless the Lord, my soul!" "Yes, for me, for me He careth"; "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord"; "I lay my sins on Jesus"; "Sweet is the work, my God, my King"; "My God! How endless is Thy love"; "Join all the glorious names of wisdom, love and power."

Christ was the theme in all; rejoicing in Christ was his delight. You would gather from the hymns he loved how much he thought of God's plan of salvation for man. You would seem to hear his confession of faith in the Redeemer,

> "Thee will I cherish,
> Thee will I honor,
> Thou! my soul's glory, joy and crown."

Once during his sickness he said, when speaking of trust in Jesus, "I wish the preaching of the present day was more full of Jesus; bringing souls to Jesus instead of looking into curious questions and speculations." He recognized fully the fact that in Jesus, and in Him alone, was life.

The hymns which gave him the most help and comfort in his last days, many of them known to him by heart, were of the same character. "Jesus, lover of my soul"; "My faith looks up to Thee"; "My Jesus, as Thou wilt." Jesus in them all, nourished and blessed him.

In the later years of his life, and during his last days, his mind was at times invaded by distressing doubts and fears, and darkness seemed to come over his spiritual vision. That has not been an uncommon occurrence with many Christian people, and with many

eminent for piety. It *would* be uncommon if they remained in such a state. In his own case he seems to have found the reason for it when he said, "Perhaps my doubts and darkness arise from my early theological training, which led me to look *inside*, instead of looking unto Jesus." The remedy he found at all times in his Saviour. On one occasion he said, "I have done with works, and theology, and creeds, and now my whole trust is in Christ." On another he remarked, "It is all light now, I have been feeding upon that precious hymn, 'Christ, of all my hopes the ground.'" His sickness was long, but not painful. From the first, he was simply waiting the Master's will, ready to go: as he said to one of his family, "Don't try to keep me here any longer." Of the ebbing out of his life he remarked, "I am reminded, by my situation, of what I have often noticed and watched in one of our open wood fires. The fire seems almost gone out, only a little, flickering spark, and then by gathering together the brands and fanning them a little, the fire will be started again for a little while." The falling of the leaf attracted his attention as reminding him of his own fading away, and he often said, "I am going down to the bottom of the hill." He loved the voice of prayer, and he frequently asked to be remembered by others; but most touching to all was the quiet moving of his lips, and the clasped hands, raised in the attitude of prayer, as he lay with closed eyes upon his bed, or in his chair. Many a promise of Scripture, and many an expression of thankfulness came from him at such times. Frequently he asked to have read to him Bonar's "Everlasting Memorial," and he requested that it might be read at his funeral, unaccompanied by any eulogy. You will recall the hymn.

"Up and away, like the dew of the morning,
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun,—
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.

"My name, and my place, and my tomb, all forgotten,
The brief race of time well and patiently run,
So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,
Only remembered by what I have done.

"Gladly away from this toil would I hasten,
Up to the crown that for me has been won,

Unthought of by man in rewards or in praises,—
Only remembered by what I have done.

"Up and away, like the odors of sunset,
That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes on,—
So be my life,—a thing felt, but not noticed.
And I but remembered by what I have done.

"Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in freshness,
When the flowers that it came from are closed up and gone,—
So would I be to this world's weary dwellers,
Only remembered by what I have done.

"Needs there the praise of the love-written record,
The name and the epitaph graved on the stone?
The things we have lived for,—let them be our story,
We ourselves but remembered by what we have done.

"I need not be missed, if my life has been bearing
(As its summer and autumn moved silently on)
The bloom, and the fruit, and the seed of its season;
I shall still be remembered by what I have done.

"I need not be missed, if another succeed me,
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown;
He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper,
He is only remembered by what he has done.

"Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken,
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,
Shall pass on to ages,—all about me forgotten,
Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have done.

"So let my living be, so be my dying;
So let my name lie, unblazoned, unknown;
Unpraised and unmissed, I shall still be remembered;
Yes,—but remembered by what I have done."

He breathed his life away on last Thursday morning, just at the time and as the dew would rise from the earth. The last words he uttered were, "It is all right." He sleeps in Jesus. Blessed sleep! We shall all miss him. We shall miss his living example. We shall miss his face and form as we have seen him about his home and in the city. You of this church will miss him from this sacred pulpit,

from this draped chair, where for so many years he has occupied a place to listen to the preaching of the Word. You recall the circumstance of his speaking upon a certain communion occasion last spring. He spoke of that Sabbath as being the sixty-seventh anniversary of his uniting with the church at Yale College. He then said that he had long been praying that he might live—

First, To see this church on a good financial basis. This prayer had been answered.

Second, That they might be united in a pastor whom they loved. This, too, had been answered—and that,

Third, He continued to pray that they might have an outpouring of the Spirit, and crowds filling these aisles asking what they should do to be saved.

He ever showed such an interest in this church, and you will surely miss his words of instruction and love. We shall indeed remember him by what he has done. It pleased God to prosper him in worldly goods; it pleased Him also to give him a benevolent heart, and a Christlike comprehension of Christian stewardship. Some will remember him for words of instruction and help, and for pastoral services in the days of his active ministry. Others will remember him for the aid he afforded them when, in his old age, his ministering was of another character. Many a student for the ministry, many a brother minister, are indebted to him for kindness shown. The churches of this city and vicinity of all denominations have rejoiced in his liberal hand, and, in some cases, have blessed his fostering care. Every good cause and work among us he has helped, and the benevolences of the church have received his intelligent consideration. Always interested in the cause of education, he has given of his means to promote its efficiency. Using so well what the Lord had entrusted him with, I am sure I am right in saying that in this, as well as in other ways, he will be "remembered by what he has done."

I ought not to bring these remarks to a close, without giving expression to the profound respect which is entertained for this servant of God, now taken from among us. On the part of the citizens generally, and on the part of my brother ministers particularly, and on the part of the Presbytery of which he was the oldest and an honored member, I may be permitted to say this. Could it have been arranged, I doubt not the latter would have been present in a body to testify their regard for their co-presbyter. This large assembly is

not here out of curiosity. They are here to manifest their regard for the dead and their sympathy for the living. They feel for those who have lost such a husband, father, and brother; for those who are permitted now to be present at these services, and for those who in the providence of God are absent. They would weep with them as they weep, giving expression to their sorrow, and they would rejoice with them as they rejoice in his memory, and in the abundant entrance which has been administered unto him into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I pray you, my dear friends, receive our expressions of heart-felt sympathy with you, and may that peace, the peace for which he himself prayed and which he received, the peace of God which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus. Amen.

Rev. EBEN HALLEY, of the Congregational church, followed with a tender prayer full of comfort and sympathy, in which reference was made to the married daughter and her family, and the aged sister, none of whom could be present. The congregation then rose, and at the request of the family united in singing the last hymn, "Asleep in Jesus," and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Mr. Niles.

The bearers were Messrs. Richard Mather, Alfred Brown, D. M. Halbert, Charles McKinney, J. B. Gregg, Richard Ely, J. W. Manier, and Charles Hall.

The interment took place in Spring Forest Cemetery.

On Sunday, December 3d, Dr. Nichols gave the following loving and touching tribute to the memory of his aged and revered friend:

DR. NICHOLS' MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

It is impossible for me in this pulpit, with this vacant chair by my side, with this new strange sense of loneliness around me here, to go forward with the ordinary service of thought and discourse today, until I have first given some expression, however slight, of my regard for him who, since I last entered these walls, has been car-

ried forth from them to his burial, and whose loss we all so keenly feel and mourn.

I feel how impossible it is to speak of our dear minister and father in set terms of formal eulogy. To elaborate sentences of sounding praise would be to grieve the humble, sensitive spirit of him who thought so little of what would be said of him after he was gone, and who wished to be "remembered only by what he had done." I shall only claim the privilege, providentially denied to me on the public occasion of his funeral, the privilege of strewing upon his grave while it is still fresh, a few simple blossoms plucked from the heart, and expressive of our happiness in having had such a life lived among us, and of our loss in having it taken away.

Others have turned their eyes upon his likeness in former years, and have spoken of the manner, the faithful, fearless, and effective manner in which he fulfilled the work of a Gospel minister, and fixed the impress of his spirit and character deeply, ineffaceably, upon the early life and history of this community and other communities. Others have drawn the picture, the tender, subduing, sacred picture of him as he appeared in his last sickness, and have represented the holy anxiety and holy resignation with which the leal-hearted old soldier of the Cross watched and waited for the sound of his great Commander's footsteps.

But I venture to think that to many of you, as to me, the most endeared likeness of him—the most endeared, because to us, at least, the most familiar and characteristic likeness—must ever be the common daily view of him given us during these last, rich, ripe, reposeful years of his life. What a sweet, grateful vision it was to the eyes as well as the heart, to see that good grey head, that alert, brisk, slender form, that keen, wakeful, observant eye, that deeply-furrowed but increasingly beautiful countenance, as he walked or drove about the city, in every interest of which he felt a loyal pride, as he brightened his home and welcomed the visitor to the hearth with the sunshine of his winning presence; above all, as he entered this pulpit and engaged with us all in acts of divine worship and holy communion.

In that voice tremulous with feeling each time he confessed the Apostles' Creed and prayed the Lord's Prayer, as though he were "uttering them always for the first time," in his loud sounding cadence of the hymn, in his intensely earnest attention upon the reading and exposition of the Word, in those eyes radiant with sympathy at

every warmer mention of the Redeemer's grace and glory, the veriest stranger in the congregation could not fail to see that his closest fellowships were in the unseen, his dearest treasures within the veil.

Some of us have not forgotten, can never forget, how, a few months ago, on the sixty-seventh anniversary of his public confession of the Lord Jesus, he stepped forward to the desk, in the interval before the sermon, and expressed in a few rapid, thrilling utterances, his own increasing joy in the Lord, and his strong desire for the spiritual enlargement of the church. His spirit seemed to mount up from elevation to elevation like an eagle, as he told how his adoption of Simeon's prayer and utterance of the "Nunc Dimittis," had again and again been postponed, and conditioned upon some new and larger blessing from the Lord,—upon the removal of the church debt, upon the union of all hearts in a chosen pastor, upon the coming together of God's people in closer ranks of love and service,—all of which his eyes had been permitted to see, so that he had now but one remaining wish, before asking to depart, that he might see these aisles crowded with new converts thronging to the table of the Lord, "like doves to their windows."

In this, his last publicly uttered wish for this church, my friends, we have the key-note of this good man's life and life-work. Every life has its key-note, its ruling motive, its supreme object. That object, that motive in his case was, from the first, the salvation of souls. A great desire of gaining souls for Christ took possession of him at the very time of his conversion. It was while he was in college that the glory of the Lord shone round about him. Vacation time was approaching—a time when every college boy's heart bounds eagerly toward home. But young Peter Lockwood's heart had found a new resting-place. He wrote to his parents of his new strange happiness, and added that his chief wish in coming home at this time was to hold meetings for the conversion of souls in the neighborhood, and unless he were permitted to do this he would prefer to remain at the college during the vacation. He was at once urged to come home, with the intimation that his desire might be given him. It was given him. And in the ardor of his new love he went about among his former friends and associates, beseeching them to be reconciled to God. He held meetings in school-houses, and spoke wherever opportunity was given. His spirit glowed like a lighted torch. The Spirit of the Lord was with him, and the fruits of his youthful labors remain until this day.

Dear friends, it is an unspeakable gain to have had such a life lived among us. Neither earth nor heaven can be just the same to us, now that we have seen this life lived in the one, and taken up into the other. Dean Stanley, in speaking of Thomas Erskine, once said, "There are not a few to whom that attenuated form and furrowed visage seemed a more direct link with the unseen world than had ever crossed their path in life." I can assert the same of this aged minister of ours. Not only are there persons, well known persons, to whom his words have been a revelation out of heaven, but what the Dean meant, and what is a far greater thing, there are those, who, in his presence, and by contact with his spiritual earnestness and transparent moral goodness, have been made to feel as they never felt before the reality and power of the unseen world. Many and dark clouds sometimes gathered about the soul of this good man. He had, as Cowper had, as Foster had, as many profound spiritual natures have had, hours of self-distrust that seemed almost like despair, hours when he felt that Satan had desired to have him, and when he was with the Saviour in His temptations. Like his Saviour, he emerged from them the purer and stronger for the trial. Happily, as the end drew near, these overshadowings passed away. "At evening time it was light." As one has written of another who passed through similar experiences, "in patient hope and perfect peace, like the morning star that shines out and disappears amid the light, he died away into the light that is inaccessible and full of glory."

He seems near to us still. His spirit seems to hover about this place. His last pronounced benediction of the "Peace of God that passeth all understanding," continues to echo along these walls. May his love and compassion for souls, his zeal for winning men to the Lord Jesus Christ, fall upon this pulpit as the mantle of Elijah fell upon Elisha.

The twilight of a beautiful winter's Sabbath day was glowing in the west, as all that was mortal of the aged husband and father was lowered among the boughs of evergreen which covered the grave, to await the resurrection morn. We felt it was a fitting time, as the leafless trees, the frosty air, and the deepening twilight, all reminded us of the close of life, but the golden west gave

promise of the return of a brighter day, and the beautiful evening star brought to mind the words, in the funeral service, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

"Welcome to heaven, dear brother, welcome home!
Welcome to thy inheritance of light!
Welcome forever to thy Master's joy!
Thy work is done, thy pilgrimage is past;
Thy guardian angel's vigil is fulfilled;
Thy parents wait thee in the bowers of bliss;
Thy infant babes have woven wreaths for thee;
Thy brethren who have enter'd into rest
Long for thy coming; and the angel choirs
Are ready with their symphonies of praise.
Nor shall thy voice be mute; a golden harp
For thee is hanging on the trees of life;
And sweetly shall its chords forever ring,
Responsive to thy touch of ecstasy,
With hallelujahs to thy Lord and ours."

* * * * * *

"So pass'd we on,
And lo, a group of the beatified
Advanced to meet us, on whose lips methought,
Hush'd to a whisper for delight, I heard
The strange salute of 'father.' In amaze
I ask'd, what meant such gratulation there?
And one for many answer'd, 'From thy mouth
We heard of Jesus' love, and thine the hand
That led us to His feet.' It was enough:
For all the parent and the pastor woke
Within me; all the holy memories
Of bygone days flow'd in a refluent tide
Over my soul once more."

— *Yesterday, To-day, and Forever.*

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